THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JULY, 1808.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. The KNIGHT of the SABLE ARMOUR.
2. LONDON Fashionable FULL DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for HABIT-SHIRT, &c.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* in our next.

The *Observations* of *Momus* are too flippant, and in some parts, we suspect, too personal.

The *Essays* of *Juvenis* are under consideration.

The *Enigmatical Lists* are inadmissible. The idle labour of finding out the names of *persons* in such lists, can tend to no use whatever: more may be said in favour of lists of the names of cities and towns, in particular countries and districts, as they may communicate some small degree of geographical knowledge, though scarcely worth the trouble of obtaining it in that manner.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For JULY, 1808.

The KNIGHT of the SABLE ARMOUR;

OR,

INNOCENCE RESCUED.

A TALE.

IN the times when bodily strength and personal bravery were the only safeguards against violence and injustice; when oppression was strong and the law weak, or indeed not in existence; when a few chiefs lorded it with uncontrolled power over their wretched vassals, whom they forced to commit at their nod, every cruelty and every enormity their wickedness or their caprice suggested; in the times, in short, which have been denominated the times of chivalry, there occasionally arose men whom a sense of honour and a love of virtue incited to oppose tyranny and rapacity, and defend feebleness and innocence. The powerful chiefs of society were, according to their different characters, like good and evil beings continually opposed to and engaged in contests with each other.

It chanced that in these times there dwelt in a strong castle, at the extremity of an extensive and wild forest on the frontiers of Hungary, a chief of great power and wealth, named Luborski. He was of gigantic stature and strength, of a severe and terrifying aspect, malicious, cruel, revengeful, and implacable. His vassals he had inured to such ferocious deeds, and employed in committing so many acts of barbarity and rapacity, which he paid by sharing with them the plunder of their innocent victims, that they, as well as their haughty and savage lord, were the dread of the whole country for an extent of many leagues. The forest in which the castle of Luborski stood was infested with numerous wild beasts;

and as fear exaggerates danger, and engenders credulity, it was said that many horrid and preternatural forms were frequently seen there prowling in the dead of night, and the forest was generally known by the name of the Black Forest. Whoever attempted to pass it, it was said, either to attack the castle of Luborski, or without his permission, was sure to be torn in pieces by some of these, who were supposed to be no other than his infernal agents.

On the other side of this forest resided the lord of a small principality, named Rudolf, whose heart was susceptible of all the mild and gentle affections, and whose happiness centred in an only daughter. The beauties of the lovely Agnes were the theme of rapturous admiration among all who had beheld her; and the fierce Luborski himself having accidentally cast his eyes on her, felt, to him, an unusual sensation, which inclined him to relax from his natural sternness and severity. He intimated to her his love, and even made her shudder by a proposal of marriage. From this time she took every care to avoid him, for she dreaded his love little less, if not more, than his hatred.

The fierce passions of Luborski were still more violently incited by the refusal of Agnes to listen to his tender proposals, which he conceived to be an honour he had never before done to any woman, as well as a weakness he had never before been guilty of. He resolved, however, rather to have recourse to those violent means he knew best how to employ, than to waste much time in gentle persuasives. In a few months afterwards Agnes disappeared, with the servant who attended on her, and all the researches of her disconsolate parents and relatives to discover what had become of her proved fruitless. At length a part of her apparel, mangled and bloody, and the coat of the servant, in the same condition, were found among some bushes in the forest; and it was then generally said, that they had been devoured by wild beasts, or carried away by some of Luborski's diabolical monsters. By Luborski's diabolical monsters they certainly were carried away; but they were human monsters, banditti whom he kept to perpetrate such outrages, and both she and the servant were then his prisoners, and confined in a dungeon in his castle.

Precisely at this time, a knight from a distant part of Germany, named sir Allan Peregrine, came to the residence of Rudolf. He was one of those benevolent adventurers, whose high sense of honour, love of virtue, and genuine heroism, counteracted in those ages the dark and base machinations of violence and tyranny. He had travelled through several countries, and had achieved many good and noble acts. His strength of body and bravery of soul were equal to his magnanimity and love of justice. From the armour he wore being black and unpolished, he had received the title of the Knight of the Sable Armour. In the course of his journeyings in quest of opportunities to rescue the innocent and the weak from injustice and oppression, he heard of the character of Luborski: and, when he arrived at the residence of Rudolf, was informed of the strong suspicions there were that he had been guilty of the foulest and most diabolical act. He immediately offered, if a few brave men could be procured to accom-

pany him, to pass the Black Forest, and surprise and search the castle of Luborski; and if Agnes were confined in it, and still alive, to restore to the distracted Rudolf his beloved daughter.

Several of the servants and tenants of Rudolf having been with difficulty prevailed on to accompany sir Allan on his perilous adventure, he set out in the dead of night; but, when he arrived at the entrance of the Black Forest, they hung back, kept at a considerable distance, and suffered him to enter it alone. He had scarcely passed the limits of it, when he met with a furious panther, growling over the remains of her prey, a poor herdsman's boy, whom she had killed the evening preceding. Sir Allan, a stranger to fear, in an instant drew forth his sword, and at one blow cut off her head. His companions perceiving his courage and strength, and that the beast was really mortal, now followed him with considerable alacrity, as if they had conceived that the charm was broken. They passed the forest, and arrived at the castle, which they found unguarded, not the least suspicion having been entertained of an attack. Sir Allan forced his way to one of the towers, and finding a centinel at the door of a dungeon, seized him, and compelled him to open it by threats of instant death if he refused. Here, to his inexpressible joy, he discovered and released the beautiful Agnes, and in an adjoining cell he found the servant.

Luborski hearing the noise, hastened to the tower with as many of his vassals and attendants as he could collect. A furious combat instantly ensued between him and sir Allan, and for some time the victory seemed doubtful; but, at length, sir Allan dexterously parrying a blow which Luborski had aimed with all his strength, the latter fell, and sir Allan placing his sword to his throat, commanded him instantly to surrender or die. That moment all the courage of the ferocious Luborski forsook him, and he, in the most abject manner, supplicated for his life. His vassals, like dastardly banditti as they were, seeing their leader fallen, immediately fled different ways, leaving sir Allan and his followers complete masters of the castle.

Sir Allan having secured his prisoner from attempting to renew the battle, had time to admire and hold conversation with the beauteous prize he had rescued from his grasp, and found, with indescribable pleasure, that Luborski had not even attempted as yet any personal violence, overpowered, and, as it were, awe-struck, as he himself confessed, by the blaze of beauty and celestial expression of goodness and virtue which shone in her angelic countenance. Sir Allan also viewed her with admiration, which soon was changed into the most ardent affection. He hastened to restore her to her delighted parent. His manly person, graceful behaviour, and the noble and courageous achievement by which he had effected her deliverance, won the heart of Agnes, and she soon consented to reward his brave exertions in her favour with herself. He received from her father her hand, the invaluable recompense of his heroic act, with extatic joy. Luborski, overwhelmed with shame and remorse, and as if desirous to expiate his crimes and redeem his character, entered into a crusade to the Holy Land, and fell in Palestine, with

at least more honour and bravery than he had lived, fighting against the Saracens.

THE VISION.

TO MISS E. D. U.

By S. Y.

> 'O be thou my Charon,
> And give me swift transportance to those fields,
> Where I may wallow in the lily beds
> Propos'd for the deserver!'
> Troilus and Cressida.

RECLINING in an elbow-chair the other evening all alone, I fell from my reverie into the lap of Morpheus: my mind unfettered took its aerial flight, and wandered o'er a multitude of scenes—and, as if by appointment, I thought I hastened to the interior of a grove, where, when arrived, I sat down by the banks of a narrow stream, and sighed as I watched its murmuring course, 'But not like the fabled, self-enamour'd boy*.' An impenetrable foliage of sycamore intercepted the more ardent rays of the sun; and the gently-waving branches of some alders, here and there planted on the opposite side, caused an artificial breeze that soothed the fancy, while it allayed the fervour of the heat. The wild-rose tree was arched with the tendrils of the wild-honeysuckle. Nature seemed to have directed her favourite woodbines to climb up the arched roof of this sweet recess, and there hanging in artless festoons to shed their most delicious balms. The modest violet peeped her blue crest between the leaves, and the daffodil and snow-drop strewed the verdant carpet: the jessamine, too, intermixed her light foliage, and her silver blossoms emitted the most delicate odours. The sprightly note of the distant thrush was echoed by the brook, while the gentle zephyrs moved the waving reed. To a scene like this methought—

> 'Petrarch oft withdrew
> Where nature sported in her wildest forms.
> In the cool water'd vale, where footsteps ne'er
> Intruded, save the trusty fisherman
> That daily cater'd for his temperate board,
> The love-sick hermit tun'd his tender reed,
> And to the murmurs of the water-fall,
> That constant tumbling from th' o'er-arching cave
> Increas'd the sadness of the solemn scene,
> Oft call'd on Laura from his sylvan cell,
> And many a lay grac'd with her honour'd name,
> And that lov'd name the bark of many a tree
> Witness'd by Petrarch's faithful pencil grav'd!'

I thought, as I attentively watched the purling stream, that I perceived a scroll of paper floating towards me; and with the assistance of a reed which I plucked from the brook I reached it. In a moment I recognised the writing—it was Eliza's; it was addressed to me. On examining the contents, I found only the following words:—'Stay, your Eliza comes.'—I gazed on the dear promise with rapture, and fondly waited its ac-

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* Narcissus, who, the poets inform us, fell enamoured of his own image in the water, and then pined away into a daffodil.

complishment. The happy moment I thought soon arrived when my fond anticipation was realised. Through the winding brake I saw the lovely maid approaching, and I rose to meet her. She was all loveliness. Her complexion glowed with the pure tints of health, and she had an unrivalled delicacy of feature. Her auburn tresses were decorated with rich combs, while a few ringlets carelessly played on her forehead. I offered her my hand; she curtsied and accepted it. I viewed her with tenderness and transport, and perceived the ardour of mutual love glisten in her eyes. I thought I pressed the lovely Eliza to my throbbing bosom, and kissed her ruby lips: Oh heavens! what pleasure did I then experience! the honey found on mount Hymettus was not so sweet, nor the fruit of the vines of Surrentum. Even nectar, the nectar which Hebe presented to the immortal Gods, was a thousand times less delicious.

At this blessed moment I thought I tasted the purest pleasure; the little loves wantoned o'er my head, and the flowers danced under my feet. I squeezed her lily hand, and led her to the little asylum of wild flowers, while she blushed with all the graces of modesty, and told me it was her favourite retirement, whither she oft repaired.

'Queen lilies, and ye painted populace
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives!
In morn and ev'ning dew your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun, which gives your cheeks to glow,
And out-blush (her excepted) ev'ry fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odours, incense meet
To thought so pure.'

As we sat, I thought I solicited her love, and with diffidence craved her excuse for my presumption. With a smile she pardoned me, and assured me that my attention was acceptable; and we proposed to meet again. Methought we arose from the tufted seat, and pledged vows of constancy as we retired. On a sudden I awoke,—when, alas! I found my felicity a dream, and I could not help ejaculating—

'Stay, gentle spirit of the night,
Oh! fly not thus—in pity stay:
I sicken at returning light;
Prolong my dream, forbid the day;
Still seems Eliza's form to bless,
To smile and linger on my view—
Still seems her gentle hand to press;
Still speak her eyes of heav'nly blue.
Still vibrate on my list'ning ears
The murmurs that confess'd her kind;
Still in mine eyes the trembling tears,
Wak'd by her tenderness, I find.
Hear, spirit kind! thy suppliant hear:
Whene'er my longing eyes I close,
Oh! prompt again the vision dear,
And let me ever thus repose!'

June 1808.

B——T.

OBSERVATIONS ON BOILEAU,

THE FRENCH POET.

AFTER the satirists of antiquity, Lucilius, Horace, Juvenal, and Persius, an interval of ages passed dark and barbarous. The power of satire, in its full and legitimate strength, was never again felt till the reign of Louis the

Fourteenth of France; then appeared a poet second to none of his predecessors; a philosopher without being wordy, the friend of sense and of virtue; a gentleman in principle, independent in spirit, and fearless of enemies, however powerful from their malignity, or formidable from their rank. This extraordinary man was Boileau. There is something in all his compositions so finished; so removed from conceit and forced thought; such an ardent zeal for propriety in sentiment and expression; such a sense of the dignity of the human character when undebased; such a hatred of hypocrisy; such a love of purity; such an abhorrence of all profaneness and indecency, and even of indelicacy; that, perhaps, it is not possible to name a writer whose works as a poet and a critic may be read and studied with equal advantage. Even his compliments, though rather lofty, to Louis the Fourteenth, are all conceived in the language of a gentleman, and a man of genius, who feels that he is conferring honour, not receiving it. The majesty of the French monarch in that cultivated age, was surely as worthy of homage as the deity of the Roman Augustus. To read the works of Boileau with full advantage, some accuracy of knowledge, and some insight into the delicacy of the French language in its purity, as it existed before the revolution, are required. It is also necessary to have a perception of the peculiar cast of the French poetry, and of the construction of the verse. An allowance must be made for the language itself, which is not poetical as contradistinguished to prose, but forcible, terse, and well adapted to the condensation of satirical expression. As a writer he certainly is original. What he has borrowed he seems to have restored to its proper place. He alternately assumes the characters of the three great Romans. He maintains an honourable contest for the mastery. Equal to either of them taken singly, and in the merit of composition sometimes their superior, he is their true and lawful brother. There is a fraternal league between them, which no friend to good literature, good poetry, and good manners, will ever suffer to be broken.

ANECDOTES.

DURING the war which the Duke of Milan carried on against the Florentines, he had provided himself with a most excellent cook, whom he had sent to France to be instructed in the culinary art. On receiving, one day, very bad news from his army, he found fault with every thing at table, and accused his cook of want of professional skill—'If the Florentines,' replied the cook, 'have taken away your appetite, my lord, that is no fault of mine.'

A KNIGHT of the order of the golden fleece, employed in an embassy to Florence, wore, with great parade and ostentation, several chains round his neck. A man of wit, who saw the knight thus caparisoned, observed, that for other mad people one chain was thought sufficient, 'but this fellow,' said he, 'requires a dozen.'

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

[Continued from p. 250.]

LETTER LXIV.

Lord Dormont to Robert Rivers, Esq.

London.

WHY do I not come down and spend a few weeks with you, Bob? I thank you heartily, but I have other game in pursuit than partridges and country girls.—Ah! Bob, my purse gets plaguy low; a few ill-starred nights at Brookes' have nearly exhausted it. Just the time then, you will say, to save by a country visit.—But I will tell you what detains me.

You are not to be told that I have long resolved to retrieve my broken fortunes by a wealthy marriage. With this view I have frequented public places and citizen's houses, where daughters of fortune, old maiden sisters, and toothless widows were to be found. I have got myself kicked out of the latter, and have hastened my ruin by the expenses of the former. A short time since, as I was sitting in a box of Drury Lane theatre, ruminating on my misfortunes, and wondering so very clever a fellow as myself should be so unsuccessful, I espied entering the next box a gentleman and lady elegantly dressed, and a footman in a handsome livery retire from his station. The lady was young and beautiful beyond description, but appeared fully apprised of it. And who are you, thought I, my little angel? You look of consequence, and too young to be married. I suppose your companion is your brother; I think I discover a likeness. I instantly entered their box, and seated myself by her side. She drew the attention of the whole house from her uncommon beauty, and in a few minutes the box was filled with gentlemen. I was, however, from my situation, the only one that engaged her attention; and had the pleasure to find that she was vain, giddy, and proud; three most excellent qualities for the encouragement of a fortune-hunter. She was totally unaffected with the distresses of the stage, although Siddons made the sorrows of Desdemona penetrate every bosom warmed with sensibility. But my charmer was not insensible to her own graces and my assiduities. When I offered my hand to lead her to her carriage, she intimated that she must yield it to her companion; but gave me at the same time a smile so encouraging, that I quitted her delighted with my success in flattery. The gentleman looked very grave, and seemed to regard me with a contemptuous eye. I ordered Will to follow the carriage, and see where it stopped: and concluding that she must be a single woman by her appearance, I framed a love-letter, such a one as I thought would suit, and such a one as on a former occasion I ruined myself by with a charming girl:—but she had sense and diffidence; I was out in my judgement of her. All women, Bob, are not fools.

This letter I took myself the next day, intending to give it to the first servant I saw, who for a douceur would undertake to deliver it into her hand. Fortune favoured me with a sight of her maid, who happened to be one that had formerly lived with my mother, and had been dismissed for her intriguing qualities: a wench just fitted to my purpose. To her I committed this precious epistle; and from her I learned the lady was wife to the gentleman I had seen, who was lately come from India with a large fortune, and that her mistress was the vainest lady she had ever served.

Although I was disappointed in my scheme of marriage, I did not relinquish my pursuit; and it instantly occurred to me that I might, by a proper application of pretended love and flattery, gain the purse, though not the person, of the lady. Now you see my scheme, and, to be short, I have introduced my sister to her. She will lend me every assistance in her power, and is already on an intimate footing with her. The husband, I see, does not half like us, and, to say the truth, I do'nt like him. He has the eyes of Argus; but a wife can blind and deceive even Argus himself sometimes. What I do I must do quickly: even whilst I am writing to you I am, perhaps, losing some precious opportunity. Adieu! then; drink success to your poor friend in a bumper, and believe me to be as much yours as my own,

HENRY DORMONT.

LETTER L[illegible]XV.

Mr. Wentworth to Mr. Johnson.

I HAVE taken up my pen frequently to write to my friend Johnson, and have thrown it away, mortified at the idea of my subject, and vexed with myself from not refraining from complaints ineffectual and distressing to you, as it is out of your power to alleviate them. But I can no longer forbear; my sorrows must have vent, and to your friendly consolation I apply for support.

Oh! Johnson, my wife has made me completely wretched; I have no longer any place in her affection, and her conduct is such as to make me fear that she is lost to every sentiment of honour and virtue. She has, contrary to my earnest entreaty, entered into a class of acquaintance I highly disapprove, who have immersed her into every extravagance fashion can dictate. She has already spent large sums, for which she refuses to render me any account, so that I suspect gaming to be the consumer. I wished much to take her back to Hampstead, but she vows she will not quit London; and as I would be loth hastily to use compulsion I am still here. On my going there the other day to look over some writings, I found on my return in the evening that she was gone out. She did not return till four in the morning. I questioned her where she had been. She refused to tell me, and that same day applied to me to replenish her purse. I then accused her of gaming. She protested, in the most solemn manner, she had not played at any game; and she accompanied her declaration with tears, and

such an appearance of innocence that subdued my anger. I hoped I had been mistaken, and sincerely wished I might find that she had been either robbed, or given the money away injudiciously. She took a handkerchief from her pocket to wipe her tears, and drew out with it a paper, which dropped on the ground. I picked it up unperceived—it was folded as a letter, but not directed. When she left the room I perused the contents, which were as follows:—

'Sir,

'With this you receive the five hundred pounds I lost with you on Thursday last: I shall have a party here on Saturday, and will be happy to see you one of the number.

'Your humble servant,

'LETITIA WENTWORTH.'

Guess what were my feelings at reading the above! I sat for some time petrefied with grief and astonishment. After the solemn asseverations I had just heard, what reliance could I ever more place on her word or honour? I knew not how to act; whether to return the paper to the ground without notice, and trust to Saturday to discover the wretch who had won her money, or detect her instantly. Whilst I was deliberating she returned; and, glancing her eyes on the floor, with the most astonishing effrontery, asked me if I had seen the cover of a letter.—Was it directed? said I, carelessly.—No, it was only a note she was going to send to her milliner.—I replied it was not worth looking for.—True, she said, but it would save her the trouble of writing another.

I was too angry to carry on the farce, but drew it from my pocket.—Oh! shame, said I; where is thy blush! Unfaithful woman I have detected you; and now who is this letter designed for?

She was confused, and knew not how to answer:—I went on, and, in the strongest colours, pointed out to her the consequences of gaming, the miseries she would entail on herself as well as me, and the despicable character she would appear even to her pretended friends. I then painted the guilt of lying, the meanness of deception, and the duty she owed me as her husband. In short, I expatiated a full hour without her interrupting me by a single word. Never did I see such a poor culprit as she appeared. At length, bursting into a flood of tears, she threw herself at my feet.—'Forgive me, my dear Wentworth!' said she; and looked in my face with such looks of contrition, that I thought I saw love.—Oh! Johnson, how did she not look!—I was softened; I could not help it. I raised her, and told her I forgave her every thing on condition that she returned to honour and virtue. She called heaven to witness her sincerity, when she assured me that she never more would give me cause to doubt her word or affection for me. I told her, as a proof of her repentance for what had already passed, she must return with me to Hampstead, and that would be a mean of breaking off the connexion she had so unhappily formed. I urged her to inform me who the person was that had won the money; but this she refused, and I was forced to relinquish my request. She consented to return to Hampstead, on condition that she might visit there the families she liked, and that I

would myself refrain from going to Mr. Wilson's, or desiring her to go.

To these conditions I consented; and the party for Saturday was to be informed, by cards, that unexpected affairs called us from town. I permitted her to pay her debts of honour, as they are called, and so the matter was compromised. We set off the next day, after having spent one month in London; during which time I had not a minute's comfort or satisfaction.

A few days after I had the mortification, on our return, to see lady Stanley, the principal cause of all my trouble, for a morning visit. I did not leave the room while she stayed, though, perhaps, it is one of the greatest punishments to me to hear the conversation of a fine lady. When she took leave I noticed a very significant look which she gave my wife, and at the same time slipped into her hand, unseen as she thought by me, a letter, which she received with a smile, and slid it into her pocket.

My attention was so roused by this incident, that to get a sight of this letter was my greatest solicitude. It was some days before I could succeed; but yesterday, she being on a visit in the neighbourhood, I broke through those bonds of honour that on any other occasion I should have held most sacred; and having a key to her escritoir, which she knew not of, gained possession of several letters to her from lord Dormont, brother to this infamous lady Stanley; and, among the rest, that I was in search of, for, written a week since, and which I transcribe for your perusal, and to give you a faint idea of my feelings.

'Loveliest of women!

'And is it true that your inhuman husband has hurried you from town, and, by so doing, doomed me to misery, by precluding me the possibility of seeing you? Oh! madam, what a wretch is your Dormont! I am distracted; I know not what I write. My sister has undertaken to see you and convey this. But wherefore do I write, but to wound that sensibility which has no parallel? To that amiable sensibility am I indebted for my present existence; for have you not assisted me in my extreme distress, or I should have quitted a world which, but for you, has to me no charms. You bid me 'live for your sake!' The charming words still sound in my ears,—Yes, I will live, and live only for you.—Alas! I am cherishing a hopeless passion. You are married—Detested union! 'Curse on all ties but those which love has made!' I have said too much.—For the universe I would not shock your delicacy and honour.—Pen, be gone, whilst I have power to throw you away, and to subscribe myself your devoted though despairing admirer,

HENRY DORMONT.'

From the above rhapsody what was I to learn? It clearly appeared that my wife had encouraged the addresses of the writer. She had bid him live for her sake. It did not appear that she had gone further; but that was enough. I was no longer at a loss how her money was expended. Dormont was a needy nobleman; I had been given to understand this before from undoubted authority. Half distracted with what I had read, I returned the letter into the

escritoir, and sat myself down to consider what was to be done. Unable to resolve I write to you, and having laid my case before you shall await your answer before I take any active measures in regard to my wife or Dormont. Shall I demand satisfaction of the villain in the way the world calls honourable? or shall I tamely submit to what I cannot remedy? To do the last is impossible: it is twelve at night, my worthless wife is just returned. Until I have your answer I must absent myself, I cannot dissemble. Adieu! Johnson. Happy are you in the single life: may you ever be a stranger to the feelings that now agitate the breast of your friend,

CHARLES WENTWORTH.

LETTER LXVI.

Mr. Johnson in answer.

I SINCERELY sympathise with you, my dear Charles, in your distress—to yield you consolation, perhaps, is not in my power; but my advice is at your service, and I think I should not hesitate to adopt the following were your unfortunate case my own.

You have informed me that you were married by a Romish priest, and you must be aware that such a marriage is not valid by the laws of England.—Your wife has proved herself in many instances worthless; she has made you miserable, and will continue to make you so: you have discovered that she corresponds, if not intrigues, with a base man. She has lost, if she ever had any, her affection for you. Can you hesitate then what measures to pursue? Emancipate yourself from shackles which the law does not sanction, and turn her over to her new admirer. Let him legally marry her if he is mad enough, and you are happily rid of your torment. As to calling him to account in the manner you mention, it is unworthy of you; a silent contempt is his due: your life is far too valuable to be put in competition with his.

This is my opinion, and I have penned it in as few words as possible, because I would lose no time in answering your letter. I was hesitating about coming in person instead of writing. If you wish me now to do so, I am at your command; and the best employment you could give me would be the disposal of your lady's hand, which I would instantly present to lord Dormont. Pardon me if I seem light on a subject which to you is of serious moment.

Farewell!—Yours,

J. JOHNSON.

LETTER LXVII.

Mr. Wentworth to Mr. Johnson.

I THANK you, my good friend, for your dispatch in writing. Your answer was such as I might expect from a person interested in my happiness, and indifferent to the fate of my wife.—You say, were the case your own you would not hesitate to adopt the measure you have laid down.—Yes, Johnson, were you in my place you would hesitate.—It is my duty to hesitate. Shall I hastily resolve to renounce and abandon to infamy a woman whom I am bound by the sacred laws of honour to protect, and regard as my wife? I was aware my marriage would not stand by the laws of my country, though I never hinted to her that

idea. To her worthy father I engaged I would, on my arrival in England, legally make her mine. He was satisfied of my honour; and his dying words were, 'Be the husband and protector of my Letitia; I rest assured you will regard yourself as such, although the difference of religion.'—He would have said more, but I would not permit it.—Here, then, is a tie it is impossible for me to disregard. However unworthy she may be she is my wife; nor will I ever cease to regard her as such. She is very young, and I still flatter myself with hopes of a reformation. At least I will have no self-reproach should she abandon herself to infamy; for if she puts herself out of my protection she will be lost indeed.

I thank you most sincerely for your offered visit; you may rest assured that I shall take no hasty step in regard to lord Dormont. I have formed a plan of conduct that shall be communicated to you in my next. I am more composed than when I wrote last. Conscious rectitude is a support under every trial.

Adieu! I will write again shortly.

Yours,
CHARLES WENTWORTH.

LETTER LXVIII.

Mrs. Wentworth to Lady Amaranth.

MY last was a long journal, and gave my friend an account of my *entrée* into the gay world. I shall now proceed more briefly to acquaint her with my adventures. It would be endless to give you a detail of all my diversions; and as you are so totally unacquainted with the English customs, it would be unentertaining. Beside, I have more interesting subjects than any I have yet treated. To proceed then:—I have mentioned lord Dormont as a gentleman highly agreeable, and as my lover.—The lover, say you, of a married woman! how is that?—It is no uncommon thing in England; they have learned it from the French: and, as lady Stanley says, a dangler is as necessary an appendage to a woman of fashion as a footman is to her carriage. A lover is one of those danglers who attends you to public places, says a thousand flattering things, and rails at your husband. I protest this is all lord Dormont is to me: what he may be in future I cannot say.—Prepare to hear wonderful things.

You must know lord Dormont is not rich—that is to say, he has been unfortunate at play.—As a gay young man he must play. Now it is a thousand pities such a charming fellow should be lost to the world because his purse runs low: so, to make my story short, when lady Stanley, in the most pathetic manner, represented the case to me, I helped him out of his difficulties.—How, say you, could that be without the knowledge of your husband? The easiest thing in life to cheat a husband; but you know nothing of the matter; how should you, shut up in a convent. I appropriated all the cash given me to defray household expenses to my own use; and when it was discovered by Wentworth, and he dared to ask me how the sums were expended, I told him in short they were gone, and I hated accounts. With this answer he was obliged to be satisfied. But what did he do but take the payment of tradesmens' bills into his own hands,

and accused me of gaming. I had played a little, to be sure, and the night before had lost five hundred pounds; but it was to Dormont, poor fellow! so I did not mind it; and I had in my pocket a note in which I meant to inclose the bills. I protested in the most solemn manner I never had gamed; but, as my ill stars would have it, in drawing out my pocket handkerchief the note dropped from it, unseen by me, on the floor. I left the room soon after; and instantly missing it, returned to seek it, and discovered by Wentworth's countenance (the worst in the world to disguise) that it had fallen into his hands. What was to be done? I had nothing but art and assurance to trust to. He presented the note; and, after a long lecture, during which I was forced to be all humility and submission, acceded to a proposal I by no means liked. The note fortunately was not directed: I refused to give the name, but promised I never would offend again in the same way: and, on condition he would permit me to discharge the debt, I agreed to comply with his wishes to return to Hampstead directly; and even to put off a party I had engaged for the next Saturday. In short, this was a very unlucky business; for I was in consequence of it hurried from town in the midst of all my gaiety.—I had not, however, been many days before I was favoured with a visit from my good friend lady Stanley. She brought me a letter from her brother full of gratitude and love. I now began seriously to consider whether lord Dormont was not much more suited to my taste as a husband than Wentworth. I was not long in discovering that he was so; and the consequence of this discovery, you may guess, was a wish that it were possible to make the exchange.

Under this impression some weeks passed. I was sullen and perverse; Wentworth grave and reserved. I had no relief from my chagrin but visiting my neighbours; and found means, by the help of my maid, to write and receive letters from my dear lady Stanley, inclosing always some affecting ones from lord Dormont. I went to pay one of these visits one evening, and did not return till midnight. Jenny told me Mr. Wentworth was gone to bed unwell, and had desired he might not be disturbed. I made no further inquiries till the morning, when I was told he was gone from home, and should not return till the next evening. At the time appointed he came, and asked, as he entered the house, if there were any letters for him: I gave him one from his friend Johnson. He took it from me in a manner so ungracious that I could not but remark it, though I made no observation. He went out of the room to read it. Hey-day! thought I, what does this mean? I suppose he intends altering his mode of behaviour to see if that will work a reformation; but he will find a wife who cannot be governed by tenderness and affection will not by any other method. I took a book; and it was a full hour before I saw my lord and master. At length he entered, with a face so prim, and a gait so stately, that I could not help bursting out into a laugh.—How do you do, my dear, after your illness? said I. He made no answer, but, reaching a chair, he sat down by me, and, looking earnestly in my face, said.

Letitia, I am going to talk to you in a manner more serious than I ever did in my life: I claim your attention, and demand your answer to many questions I am about to ask you.

His words, and, more, his manner, struck me with a kind of awe I cannot describe. I felt surprised, and expected nothing less than an explanation had taken place between him and miss Vernon. I promised him, however, my attention to what he should say.

'In the first place, then,' said he, 'I must inform you that the evening before last, while you was on your visit to Mrs. Blake, I opened, by a key I have in my possession, your escritoir.'

Relieved by this from the most of all to be dreaded—discovery, I started up in a passion—'How durst you, sir!' said I.

He forced me to sit down—'I will have no interruption, no passion,' said he, in a more authoritative manner than I ever saw him assume.—'I say, I opened your escritoir; the letters, four in number, you have received from lord Dormont I have perused'—I was frightened—'The first question I ask you is, have you ever answered those letters?'

'No, indeed,' I replied, and truly, for I had answered them, except the last, in person. He did not think of that; but I had met him twice at a house I visited.

'What is your motive for encouraging the addresses, and receiving such letters from a man now that you are married?'

'Vanity, Mr. Wentworth.'

'You are candid,' said he; 'I am willing to suppose you had no other motive.—Were not the large sums you expended in London appropriated to the use of lord Dormont?'

'Some of them, Mr. Wentworth.'—It was of no use to deny, for the next question would have been, how were they expended?

'What was your motive for such clandestine generosity?'

'Compassion and pity for an unfortunate young man.'

He shook his head.—'You have your answers very ready.—When you bid him, as he says, 'live for your sake,' think you the expression arose from pity and compassion?'

Provoked beyond bearance with such pointed interrogatories, I replied that I did not trace every action so nicely as to determine at all times their true motive; that I knew not what he meant or suspected by these questions; but whatever it was, I begged he would say it at once, and not tease and perplex me in such an unnecessary manner.

'He would not pay my understanding so ill a compliment,' he said, 'to suppose that I did not know what a husband was to suspect after perusing such letters as lord Dormont's. The duties and obligations of the married state I had never considered; it was the union of hearts, not of hands. But he would now inform me of a circumstance I was not aware of.'—He paused, andseemed much agitated; I was all surprise and attention. Hewent on—'Shall I shock or rejoice you when I inform you that I am not your lawful husband? We are not united by the laws of this country, and I am bound by no ties but those of honour to protect you as my wife.'

Now, indeed, was I astonished.

Scarcely could I believe my ears. A thousand ideas crowded on me at once. I feared to speak, lest recollection might disapprove. I begged leave to retire, and said I would return in a few minutes and hear all he had to say. By this I gained presence of mind, and formed a resolution you will not be at a loss to guess. I resolved if lord Dormont proved worthy, to bestow upon him my nowfree hand and fortune as a man more suitable to my taste and inclination than Wentworth. But not choosing to subject myself to the mortification of a refusal, I must dissemble my wishes to Wentworth until I shall know Dormont's mind. I certainly would not throw myself out of the protection of one husband until I had secured another.

Prepared now to conduct myself, I returned to Wentworth. He took my hand in an affectionate manner as I entered. 'I look on myself,' said he, 'as much married to you, Letitia, as though the whole kingdom had been witness to my vows; and it was only the consideration of your happiness that caused me to divulge what is a secret to every one but myself.'

'How can the knowledge of it conduce to my happiness?' said I.

'Because I suspect lord Dormont has an interest in your affections superior to me, and you are now at your own disposal.'

'And do you wish to see me the wife of lord Dormont?'

'God forbid I should wish to see you the wife of any man upon earth. Oh! Letitia, did you prefer me for your husband, the whole world should not dissolve our union: before to-morrow you should be mine by an irrevocable tie: it was always my intention to make you so the moment we arrived in England; but knowing my own heart, I feared distressing you by a discovery, shocking to your delicacy and affection. Your father relied on my honour. You know how earnest you were to be married by father Malone: I attempted to dissuade you, but you were peremptory. I did not inform you of a circumstance that had no weight with me, but pleased myself with the thought, that before our arrival in England I should have wrought a change in your sentiments as to religion, and our re-marriage would be the seal of your love and constancy. My ill success in the first part of my scheme deterred me.—You know the rest.'

I was affected by this tender and generous address more than I can express; and, on revolving my past conduct, and my present intention respecting lord Dormont, I felt a compunction and a consciousness that gave me a severe pang; and I hesitated whether to open my whole heart, and confess all my unworthiness. I was abashed and confounded in my own eyes. My husband's face, which glowed with benignity and sensibility, appeared to me angelic; and I, at the time, resolved to relinquish all my unwarrantable schemes, and become worthy the affections of a man so very superior to myself.

We had been both silent a considerable time—it was my turn to speak—I told him (and I told him truly) that the surprising proof he had given of his honour and affection had rendered him more amiable in my eyes than any man I ever could know: that I was not shocked at finding myself depend-

ent on his honour; but, at the same time, considered myself as bound to him by the most sacred ties which I wished not to be dissolved.

Before I could well finish my speech, he caught me in his arms —'Is it possible!' he exclaimed; 'then I have succeeded: I have wrought on the generosity I thought you possessed. You shall no longer be dependent on my honour; to-morrow shall unite us; our ties will then be equal.'

'By no means,' said I; 'as a test of my affection, and security for my future better conduct, suffer me to be still dependent on that honour—it must be so.'

'Then it shall be so,' said he, 'at least for a time; and may this be the last time we may ever see reason to want security for each other's good behaviour.'

I cannot describe how much he was delighted with this change in my sentiments; I was myself much easier; but when I came to reflect on all that had passed, I considered that it was not in human nature that I should, after such proofs of duplicity that had come to his knowledge, recover his confidence; and that as it was most probable he would in time be informed of my conduct to miss Vernon, I should for ever be liable to reproaches that must end in a separation—that besides this I really felt a secret partiality for lord Dormont, whose acquaintance, as well as lady Stanley's, I must now give up, together with my taste for the pleasurable amusements of the fashionable world. These considerations induced me to think it best, that what most likely must be done some time hence should be done now; and I instantly wrote to lady Stanley, and informed her briefly of my situation, that I was not legally married. I enjoined her to secresy, and only, as I say, mentioned the circumstance as a mark of my confidence. If this letter has the effect I expect, she will show it to her brother; and from him I shall receive the offer of his hand, which I shall accept, and bid adieu to Wentworth, who, every day convinces me, is not suited to my taste. As, by my father's will, we were left equal partakers of his effects, of course Wentworth can have no claim on my share. But of this circumstance I did not inform lady Stanley, being desirous of proving Dormont's affection by the test of disinterestedness.

Having now informed you of my present situation, I only add that at all times, and in all situations, I remain,

Yours affectionately,

LETITIA WINSTANLEY,

No longer WENTWORTH.

[*To be continued.*]

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

OBSERVING in several of your Magazines for this year letters from various correspondents upon the origin of those lines,

'He who fights, and runs away,
May live to fight another day,' &c.

and not seeing any satisfactory answer to them, I have made some inquiry upon the subject, the result of which, though not decisive, may possibly furnish a hint to some of your readers, which may lead to

the clearing up of a point that has long been doubtful.

I have heard that they are to be found in a play written by sir John Suckling, an English poet, comptroller of the household to Charles the First. He raised a troop of horse for that king's service, at his own expense, said to have cost him £.12,000. This troop, with sir John at its head, behaved so ill in the engagement with the Scots, upon the English borders, in 1639, as to occasion the famous lampoon, composed by sir John Mennis,

'Sir John he got him an ambling nag,' &c.

This disastrous expedition, and the ridicule that attended it, was supposed to have hastened his death at 28 years of age.

These circumstances are so very similar to those mentioned by your correspondent Y. Z. in your Magazine as to make it probable we mean the same person, the principal difference being in the name and date, he ascribing it to sir John Cope, and the battle in 1745.

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
B. S. L.

June 10, 1808.

MOORAD, OR FILIAL PIETY.

A TALE.

[Concluded from page 266.]

CHAP. XI.

MAHOMED, his children, and friends, arrived without molestation at Ispahan. The former, having established himself as eligibly as circumstances would admit, thus addressed himself to Hosain:—

'The result of our inquiries, Hosain, has made it manifest, that the dear object of our affection has withdrawn himself from Persia. He preferred the struggling with honest poverty in a peaceable and foreign territory, to contending with penury and apprehension in his own. Indeed we may justly presume, that he beheld the iron hand of lawless tyranny raised to grasp, and hurl him to destruction. It is sometimes deemed criminal to fly our country when plunged into a state of anarchy, an opinion, which superficially bears a very specious appearance, and under general circumstances it may, perhaps, be tacitly admitted; but when a native of such a country is not particularly marked, it is unquestionably his duty to aid its patriots by the exertion of every nerve, in order to restore the ancient, or generally approved, government. In any other case, self-preservation should, and will, counsel him to retire, until more auspicious times dictate and justify his return.

'Of what possible utility can a man, proscribed by his persecutors in power, be to his bleeding country? On the contrary, by personal inattention, he is liable to glut their rapacity, and thus remove an obstacle to their unjust proceedings, which might act as a constraint on them, and tend, in some measure, to confine them within the limits of decency, and, perhaps, of propriety.

'The principal subject of regret in your father's present condition is, the sorrow and afflicting anxiety that must agitate his mind.

The conflicting sensations of hope and fear, produced by incertitude, and reared by the tender hand of affection, will create a degree of suspense, which, unless duly tempered, may overpower the mind that yields to it. Hope, by its blessed effects, raises the imagination to the utmost stretch of expectation, and ideal happiness; while the baneful course of fear casts a gloom on the onlyfelicity in which the mind can possibly indulge itself, and by which it can obtain a relief (of however visionary a nature) from any melancholy or painful thought.

'It must be confessed that fear, when acting as a counterpoise to the ardency of hope, is of a nature to be commended, and may be judged absolutely necessary. It will counteract the effects of a blind zeal, and arrest that eagerness which, if unrestrained, might precipitate itself into an unfathomable abyss.

'Anxiety is doubtless the produce of hope and fear. It is impossible that the mind of man, when involved in this vortex, can long sustain itself: its vigorous and energetic attributes will gradually degenerate into a listless apathy: and indifference, its certain attendant, will occasion the faculties to sink, never more to rise.

'Sorrow is somewhat different in its effects. The cause of it, when first assailing an object, operates on the mind according to the particular state of its faculties. On the sanguine, (who are generally as rapidly depressed as elated) its consequence is more immediate and powerful; while on the phlegmatic, it proceeds but slowly, and makes but a comparative slight impression. The effects it produces are commonly a settled melancholy—a tacit resignation—a negligence of persons and things—and not unfrequently a premature dissolution—a mitigation, if not an absolute cure, may, however, take place by the sympathising tenderness of a valued and esteemed friend, and by an active exertion of the innate powers.

'I have been led by myfeelings, Hosain, to make these observations, and to declare them briefly to prepare you for the worst event. But I nevertheless affirm, that we have every thing to expect from your father's truly-powerful intellect.—It will urge him to the performance of worthy deeds, and act as a magnet in directing him to the right road. He possesses, too, that firmness of innocence, which, in the moment of peril, will prove a powerful and faithful ally.

'To conclude: from your father we have but little to apprehend, in comparison with what we have to hope and expect. I shall not advance an argument to induce you to remain here: on the contrary I am of opinion your determination is laudable and justifiable, and I recommend you to prepare for it with all possible speed.'

'That paternal and generous conduct, sir,' replied Hosain, 'which you have ever evinced towards us, and which, on every occurring instance, is of so kind and divine a nature as to affect our sensibility to a degree of anticipating utterance, now calls loudly for those grateful acknowledgments with which our surcharged hearts have so long dilated.'—

'Forbear!' cried Mahomed, interrupting him, 'no more of this!

—The reward of a conscience, inwardly persuaded of meriting divine favour, and the satisfaction it derives from self-approbation, is of so pure a nature, that it rejects all additional recompense, as wholly incompatible with its chaste and exalted state. I nevertheless rejoice, and justly appreciate your gratitude and your eagerness, in offering those acknowledgments.'

Hosain hastened to his friend Sigistan, and announced the intended departure. Mingled grief, love, and friendship, filled the heart immediately of the latter.

The first arose from a full sense of what he should feel at parting with his more than brother.—

Love, that generous and most justly extolled of the passions,—whose sublime beatitude ennobles the human species—whose effects on their system operate with centripetal force in attracting the ideas to one master object, and common centre, and is in fact the foundation stone of a noble and compact edifice; the elevation of which strikes the mind with veneration and deference for the architect; and its elegance and solidity, with reverence and respect for the possessors.

It paves the road to the temple of virtue; and lights that torch which illuminates the scene of dignified and meritorious actions!

This passion, which Sigistan had so long felt for Elmira, and which he had hitherto concealed from the eye of others, he could now no longer forbear divulging to his friend: a disclosure, that ensured him the counsel of a worthy and much-esteemed personage; and a mark of confidence which cements the bonds of friendship. He declared his firm determination of embarking in the enterprise, adding, that if any endeavour of his could, in the remotest degree, contribute to the restoration and happiness of the father of Elmira, it would render him more worthy of her good opinion, which was the object of his unremitted endeavours, and constant orisons.

How divine and noble a sentiment is that of friendship! In point of sublimity, it has its parallel only in the conjugal state, where, indeed, the quintessence exists in all its purity, and with a power, too, that generates a calm and unalterable sentiment. — It conciliates the social duties; — it corrects the morals; — and, by its generous tendency, raises the state of man to the highest pinnacle of happiness.

The chief pillars of this beautiful temple are candour and sincerity. — The order of its architecture partakes of the solid and the delicate. — Its general pleasing appearance has the effect of an irresistible invitation to observe the interior — and who can observe it without indulging a wish to become an inhabitant?

Sympathy, that assuager of calamity, that anodyne, which mitigates the sorrows and cares of our condition, and infuses a corrective cordial into the lacerated bosom, is its sure and inseparable coadjutor.

Familiarity, too, — that keystone of the portal, which, in the event of its particular quality being justly appreciated, and when framed and fitted with a delicate and masterly hand, constitutes a component, essential to the beauty and firmness of the structure.

CHAP. XII.

MAHOMED received the intimation of Sigistan's desire of accompanying his friend with regret, but, nevertheless, accorded his assent, — conscious that the exercise of parental authority, in such an instance, would not only be unjustifiable in its nature, but would militate with force against the fixed inclinations of a son, whose breast glowed with ardour, and burned with an irresistible impulse to accomplish its purpose. —

It is indubitably the duty of a parent, (when the ideas of a son are bent on a laudable project, and when that project has as certain a prospect of a fortunate issue, as sublunary matters in general can expect,) not to suffer the interference of an affection, ever ready to obtrude itself, and seldom rationally enlarged in its views. — Paternal affection, derived indeed from the most natural of ties, and cherished by an assiduous and attentive care for the affectionate object, is the consequence of that sensibility and feeling with which the human race are endowed; and exists in each individual with more or less purity, according to the particular refined state of that sensibility and feeling. — It therefore behoves the tender parent to be the more upon his guard, lest the prosperity and happiness of his son should be sacrificed to excess of tenderness.

Paternal affection is a plant indigenous in every soil. When well cultivated, and unobstructed by weeds, it prospers in the highest degree of perfection. — If, however, its culture should be checked, or its growth impeded, a rapid and complete decay not unfrequently succeeds.

A mutual and sympathetic sorrow and regret pervaded the breasts of this worthy family on the departure of the friends. The bonds which unite an affectionate family are of such excellent texture, and so well knit in all their parts, that the object for which they are forged decays, before any sensible alteration is perceptible in them.

Hosain and Sigistan, with a latent and inspirited hope of success, resolved to retrace their steps, and explore each city, town, and village, in the vicinity of their road. The zeal which animated their inquiries, and their industry in examining, was equalled only by a rigid perseverance. This praiseworthy and highly expedient virtue, so essential to overcoming the obstacles, and surmounting the roughness, that daily present themselves, they possessed in a just degree. A deficiency of firmness is no other than absolute imbecility, which, of itself, will render nugatory any plan.

Stimulated by hope and the confidence of youth, their eagerness and ardour rather increased than diminished on every difficulty. To persist with unabated zeal in the pursuit of an approved object, is not a virtue naturally the consequence of youth: — a cultivated understanding and a firmness of purpose are ingredients very necessary to enable us to persevere, otherwise repeated obstructions would, in their absence, perhaps, prove insurmountable. 'Before a resolution is formed, a mature consideration and anxious deliberation is justly enjoined,' but when once formed, it should be pursued with unshaken fortitude, and determined energy, until attained.

As the friends approached the scene of military operations, it occasioned some reflections on military affairs.

Hosain expressed his opinion, 'That the life of a soldier was distinguished by so many attractions, that it presents to the young man very powerful allurements to enlist under its banners. The rudiments,' he continued, 'to obtain an ascendency in this profession, are a complete knowledge of mathematics, and geography; — a habit of application, — and an unremitted attention; these qualifications will lead to the attainment of that science, which constitutes superior generalship; and of that judicious and masterly skill, which ensures success in the field of battle. The honour and praise attending success, is a stimulus to the exercise of that unshaken intrepidity and generous ardour, which are the preludes to heroic deeds, and which occasion the transmission of the hero's name to posterity, accompanied by the general and grateful approbation of the existing generation.'

'There is,' said Sigistan, 'another material trait in the character of a soldier. The respect his profession commands procures him admission into the first society; and of such opportunities soldiers very properly avail themselves in order to acquire information, and an habit of pleasing; they are, therefore, with great reason, deemed polite, well informed, and entertaining companions.'

'Emulation too,' said Hosain, 'is also a distinguished trait that adorns the soldier. How natural is it for the breast of the youthful hero to glow with enthusiasm, and beat with fervency, on hearing the recital of a brilliant exploit! And how natural it is that he should aspire to a rank in which merit can be conspicuously displayed, and where courage and conduct will meet with commensurate reward! This urges him to the imitation of a superior, whose actions are the object of his country's praise, and the admiration of the subordinate officers and soldiers. How different this from envy, that infamous vice! that destructive vulture! which gnaws the very vitals of its prey, and consumes every thing which produces energy and vigour in the body and the mind.'

'Emulation,' replied Sigistan, 'is often confounded with ambition. Could the latter be restricted to an eager desire of acquiring glory, power, or fame, without the general sacrifice of every impediment it may have to encounter — and could it be restrained within the confines of decency and propriety, then, indeed, it might be deemed admissible: but where ambition reigns in full tyrannic sway, it knows no bounds, and is at once inordinate and pernicious.'

The friends were now within sight of the forces under Kerim Khan — the improbability of meeting the object of their search — the impression their recent conversation had made on their minds, together with an ardent desire of signalising themselves in arms, induced them to tender their services to that chief, and aid his cause in quality of volunteers. — This was quickly put in practice, and they were received with many demonstrations of kindness.

A singular and extraordinary circumstance occasioned the recognition of the father and son. —

The former, since the compulsory act, which deprived him of an alternative, was wont to avail himself of each moment his duty would permit, to wander in the least frequented parts of the camp, and resign himself to reflection. It was the peculiar character of Moorad, that he loved and could bear reflection, and the more he indulged in it, the more comfort and satisfaction he found. This is, and always will be, an ultimate effect of a virtuous and moral life.

This circumstance did not pass unobserved by the soldiery, and was in consequence noisedthroughout the camp. The rumour having reached the ears of Hosain and Sigistan, they resolved to enter into conversation with a personage whose deportment interested them so much, and whose mind, they doubted not, was far superior to his present condition. — But what language can adequately describe the mutual sensations, or what pencil can truly delineate the expressions of emotion of the father and son, and the affecting surprise of Sigistan, on discovering their consanguinity!

After the ebullitions arising from the sudden impulse of their feelings had subsided, and they had recounted to each other the various circumstances and incidents of their adventures, the friendly and paternal conduct of Mahomed became the theme on which Moorad dwelt with unbounded gratitude and rapture.

The reverential awe, and affectionate regard, with which Hosain listened to his parent, sprung from that pure and exalted sentiment — filial piety! — How exquisite and refined an affection! — How elevated and dignified in its cause and effect! — What a noble retinue of valuable attendants composes its train! — Does it not derive its origin from the finest feelings of the soul? — And does it not impel the dutiful and affectionate child to perform those truly-important duties which are due to the authors of his being? — It is unquestionable that the exercise of those duties should be performed at the sacrifice of every other. All must be prostrated before them! — all must be deemed their subordinate!

The son who follows the dictates of his heart in submitting to the great law of nature; of his conscience in obeying the moral ties of affection; and in whom the chaste sentiments of piety exist in their most exalted state; has every thing to hope from a pleasing reflection, and intellectual satisfaction, in this world; and of sublime happiness in that to come.

How dreadful and horrific is the perspective of the perverse and disobedient! — who, but a monster, (bearing the human shape) can wilfully, or through neglect, occasion one moment's pang in a parent's breast, or cause one tear to flow from a parent's eyes, unless they are absolutely devoid of sensibility; unless they are strangers to every species of remorse. What a prospect must futurity present to them! at best, their hopes must be dismal indeed!

A report was made to Kerim Khan of all the circumstances. He immediately sent for the parties, and congratulated them on the happy occasion. To each he assigned a distinguished situation about his person, and felt highly gratified at the manifestation of so much virtue.

They remained with him until 1763, when he finally triumphed

over his rivals, and then returned to Ispahan. The king, ever ready to confer rewards and honours when claimed by real merit, was anxious to give them effective proof of his esteem and favour; but they had already reaped a reward far exceeding any in the power of a potentate to bestow — that of their own conscience!

When we contemplate the works of the beneficent Creator; when we observe in ourselves, and in the surrounding objects, the great superiority of man over every living creature; can we hesitate to ascribe it to the agency of the reasoning faculty? How justly does it, by intuition, admonish us to what purpose it should be applied! As early as this great faculty of the soul commences its operations, we acknowledge the infinite goodness of the Almighty in bestowing it: and nature, through its medium, imperiously dictates the duty we owe to our parents.

To measure in our minds the wide distance between right and wrong, and to ascertain the various tints which mark the intermediate space, is the province of the conscience. Conscience! the gentle but firm monitor of our actions, quickly reproves us when we are meditating an unjust or improper act, and, when we execute a just and proper one, as quickly bestows that tribute of its applause — the approbation of ourselves! — To consider the means of obtaining, or soliciting, the praise of the world, is vain and visionary. The same act which procures us that of our own approbation, will always ensure us that of others.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

[Continued from p. 211.]

LETTER XV.

Right Hon. Charles Baderly to Sir Robert Legoxton.

Walsingham-hall.

CURSE me if you will — I can do nothing but curse myself. I have added insult to distress: — In short, I have been a villain — I have — but I cannot proceed.

[*In continuation.*]

Now that I have received an injured angel's pardon, I can inform you of my unworthy behaviour. But to tell you the whole of my tale, I must go back to the early part of the morning, when an excursion in the park was proposed, and agreed to by all.

I requested the company of lady Mary Brilliant. She cast a fearful look at Lester, but complied; though with some little reluctance.

During our ride I endeavoured to find out the meaning of this. 'I fear, my dear Mary,' said I, 'I have been so unfortunate as somehow to displease you.'

'Displease me, Mr. Baderly! no, indeed, you never did any thing to displease.'

'That declaration,' said I, throwing my arm round her waist, 'makes me happy. But tell me truly, my sweet girl, has not somebody been prejudicing you against me? — has not miss Lester' — She interrupted me: 'Miss Lester, I do assure you, sir, never spoke

her of that superior order of celestial beings. But could I be fiend enough to attempt her spotless virtue, what should I gain but a fiend's reward? — her disdain — her abhorrence — and what she abhors must be poor, and low, and vile indeed. — Besides, her matchless prudence, and guarded conduct, must stifle such presumptuous hope in the bosom of the most abandoned libertine.'

'Mon Dieu!' exclaimed my companion; 'what an amusing place is Walsingham-hall! Treaties of marriage going on in the house, and a sermon on continency preached in the garden.'

'My dear miss Lester, you chose the subject: — I did but follow your lead. But we allow beauty to be a little captious, so you are at liberty to start a fresh subject; or will you return to the house?'

'No, we will stay where we are, the air is pleasant: but, Baderly, if your love for lady Walsingham is of so pure a nature, it resembles the fraternal: perhaps you behold her as a fond brother would a beloved sister:' (this was analyzing my feeling, Legoxton.) I was silent. 'Or, perhaps,' she resumed, 'you have a latent hope that she may one day be yours? But my lord is young, and healthy.' — She paused, as expecting a reply.

'Lord Walsingham, madam, is my friend, and was so in my boyish days, almost before I knew the value of the name; and shall I wish him in his grave, because he is possessed of an amiable wife? Perish the idea! — No, madam; was lord Walsingham wrapped in his shroud this day, the bitter tears of recollected kindness, and the warm sighs of poignant regret, would bedew his corse.'

'Then, sir, since you have no hope from that quarter, do you intend to remain a bachelor for her sake?'

'I have made no such vow, madam; though, perhaps, the knowledge of her many perfections may cause me to be rather more difficult in my choice.' — 'Well,' rejoined she; 'one more question and I have done. — Do you know at this present time any lady you think worthy to succeed Caroline in your affections; and if you do, what is that lady's name?'

Bob, if this had been the woman of my heart, this assurance would have forfeited it for ever, and I would have returned the same answer I did to this girl. —

'The fair I admire most is she most like lady Walsingham; — modest — diffident — and . . . .'

'But her name, her name, Baderly,' cried she with impatience.

'The name, madam, you will have the goodness to excuse; as at present I have no intention of making proposals; and a lady's name should not be trifled with.'

'Oh! no, no, Baderly, I will not excuse the name; I believe there is no such lady.' She grasped my hand with trembling impatience.

'Well, madam, if you will insist on the name, it would, if I were going to make my election of a wife now, be — ('Whom?' interrupted she, in a hoarse tone) lady Mary Brilliant.'

She dropped my hand, and, breathless with passion, echoed, 'Lady Mary Brilliant! Is it possible I hear aright! Do you mean the dowdy body now at Walsingham-hall?' — 'I mean the earl of Brilliant's daughter, madam.'

Her eyes struck fire; her lovely features were swollen with rage; every softer grace, and female charm, was destroyed, like a bed

of tender flowers, dispersed by a sudden thunder-shower: she trembled with the violence of her temper. I was disgusted.

When she found her speech, she imprecated curses on the head of the innocent Mary. 'Had you owned,' said she, 'that you had hopes of favour from Walsingham's wife I could have borne it. — I think I could — But to be neglected for such an ugly little devil, and by the only man I ever loved, Oh! Baderly, it is insupportable. — Yes,' continued she, throwing herself in my arms, 'I own I love you; neglect me not; for life without you I will not, cannot bear.'

She threw her snowy arms round my neck, and hid her face in my bosom.

You may laugh, if you will, Legoxton, I expect it; when I declare I never found myself in so awkward, so embarrassing, a situation. What! you exclaim, with a beautiful girl hanging round your neck, willing to surrender at discretion! Can this be Charles Baderly? — Yes, faith it can. You have frequently diverted yourself at my fastidiousness; as even in my transient amours I always insisted on the semblance of modesty, though I might know the reality was a stranger.

How then could I receive a woman for a *wife* who offered herself with so little delicacy? — By heavens! it was impossible; and so she compelled me to tell her.... But I will not, for the honour of the sex, describe the scene which ensued. One moment she stormed like a fury, cursed my obstinate, inflexible heart; the next she was dissolved in tears, entreating me not to destroy her; to make her hateful to herself by refusing her.

Suffice it to say, I was obliged, however repugnant to my own feelings, to respectfully assure her I could not comply with her wishes; that I could not accept the honour she intended me; that however beautiful her person, and splendid her fortune, they had no charms for me unaccompanied by that gem, that inestimable gem, modesty, — which was the zest of beauty, and ornament of woman; that the most homely set of features, adorned with the smiles of good-nature, blended with innocent simplicity, and irradiated by the blush of modesty, was to me a more desirable, a more fascinating object, than the most brilliant complexion, the most elegant form; where that captivating grace was deemed unnecessary, the absence of which, in my eyes, could never be compensated by high fortune or fashionable manners.

'Then go to your homely Mary,' cried she, stamping with passion, 'if she is your choice; but I will not believe it. No, it is Walsingham's wife — she is the modest, virtuous object of your love.

'Oh! that curses would kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
'I would invent as bitter, searching terms,
'As curs'd, as harsh, as horrible to hear.'

'But I will take a surer method of revenge than idly wasting my breath in curses or complaints. She shall feel the pangs of neglect from the man she loves. She shall experience the hell of disappointment, and cruel scorn. Yes,' continued she, a beam of malignant joy playing on her features; 'she shall know the torments I endure by those I will inflict on her.

Her hopes of happiness shall perish as mine do in the bud. Her peace shall bleed; her ruin shall be certain; though my own perdition be involved in hers.'

She started from her seat, and flew up the avenue. Her departure was so sudden, I for a moment sat gazing at the rapidity of her flight; but recollecting her thoughts, I ran after her, fearing I knew not what for lady Walsingham.

Notwithstanding my haste, she was ascending the steps which lead to the house, before I overtook her. I entreated her to be calm, and allow me five minutes' conversation. She took no notice of my request, but, entering the house, met Walsingham, who said he had been seeking us. He looked with inquiring eyes, as did some others in the room. Miss Lester soon retired, and Walsingham followed her out: the rest of them dropped away one by one, and Seymour smiling at me, and looking at the door, I left him and Mrs. Howard tête-à-tête, and withdrew to my chamber, where I sat absorpt in meditation till the dinner-bell rung, and roused me from my reverie. I descended the stairs without recollecting my dress was the same as when I came up.—They were all assembled, and I took my seat near the bottom of the table.

Walsingham, addressing me in a whisper, said, 'Your behaviour, sir, to miss Lester, has been little short of brutal.'

'Brutal!' exclaimed I; 'your words, my lord, require an explanation!'

'You shall have it after dinner,' he replied, with a contemptuous smile, which I could ill brook.

After the cloth was drawn, Walsingham mentioned an excursion: miss Lester was desirous of making one to Brighton, and he expressed his intention of accompanying her.

Lady Walsingham's cheek glowed, but she replied not. A servant brought in a letter for lady Mary. It was a summons from London, requiring her immediate attendance, as her father was extremely ill.

I thought I could discern a plot in all those movements; lady Walsingham was to be deprived of her friends; and I sat expecting my own summons, but I received no other, than Walsingham's telling me he was ready to explain any thing that might offend me. I arose, and followed him in silence to the garden. So, thought I, she has chalked out a devilish long journey for me after all; as no doubt she has been instigating him to cut my throat at once; but I shall remember he is my friend, my deluded friend; I will not fight; I will subdue the natural warmth of my temper if possible.

When out of sight of the windows of the house, he turned round with fierceness, 'Now, sir, I repeat that your behaviour this morning was brutal to a most amiable, and most accomplished but defenceless woman; if my words give you offence, take your satisfaction.'

'This is fine talking, Walsingham; but you and I are not friends of yesterday; we are tried friends; not of months, but of years. Our intimacy existed long before either of us knew that such a being as miss Lester was in the world. Did you, my lord, know me, in all that time, treat any woman with brutality? You never did, Walsingham. I know not the story you have been told; but I am sure

that it is a false one by the effect it has taken on your temper; by causing you to forget the laws of hospitality. I am your guest as well as this miss Lester. You are my friend, though the champion of that false girl; and on a friend I never did, never will, draw my sword.'

He caught my hand; — 'You are a noble fellow, Baderly, I fear I have been too warm; but you will forgive constitutional faults.'

I assured him of my perfect friendship, but requested to be informed of the story he had heard. He hesitated — 'Well; you are conscious, my lord, it is a false one; and I hope it will open your eyes to other deceptions practised by the same person. You think this girl, this Lester, loves you; and will, perhaps, deem me a coxcomb, to repeat part of a conversation which I had with her this morning.' — I mentioned slightly to him her offer, and rage at its being declined; but dwelt more particularly on her vows of revenge, and her threats at lady Walsingham and lady Mary, 'whom,' said I, 'she thinks obstacles; but were there no such women in the world, miss Lester and I should still be strangers.'

'Why this is quite a different story to the one I heard before, I must confess,' replied he; 'but you cannot blame me for clasping a lovely girl to my bosom, who throws herself into my arms. She knows I cannot marry her, you could; and she might feel a *penchant* for you: but finding you not disposed to accept the blessing, she kindly turns her eyes on one who will think himself honoured by her love; and love me I am sure she does.'

I was going to speak, but he prevented me. 'If it is not so,' said he, 'I am lost in pleasing delusion, and charmingly deceived; and I cannot bear the charm to be broken, even by the gentle hand of friendship.'

'But your wife, Walsingham; your angelic lady!'

'True,' interrupted he, 'I shall not tell her I mean to stay at Brighton more than a day; she will not miss me much while she has company; and you I shall expect to find here when I return, be it when it may. At most I shall not be absent more than six weeks, or two months. As to my charming Helen's revenge, it is mere talk: Mary is returning to her father, and will be out of her way; — and from Caroline, she herself is removing. No, no, my dear Charles, all her revenge will fall on you. She will transfer her affections from you to your happy friend.'

'And your incomparable lady will be the sacrifice?' returned I: 'but you are determined, and my interposition will be useless. Angels shield your bosom, matchless lady Walsingham; the wretch threatened you with neglect and disappointment from the man you loved; but the scorn she threatened, you will never feel. No; you shall experience the calm but solid happiness of a self-approving conscience, though your fondest hopes may be blighted. While she, the cruel destroyer, in the gratification of her criminal plots, shall find the endless pang of remorse corroding her guilty heart, and embittering all her pleasures. She shall meet scorn and just abhorrence from every good and worthy person.'

'Well done, Charles! that is a very fine apostrophe: 'pon my soul

I believe you are half in love with Caroline, but I don't fear you there; neither can I think the lovely Lester such a terrible creature as you would persuade me. Do I not know her to be all gentleness, all softness, all charming? How then can she be revengeful? no, no:

'There's nothing ill can dwell in such
a temple;
If the ill spirit love so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with it:'

so adieu, my young moralist; a reclaimed rake will make an excellent divine. A fine orthodox pillar of the church! In a few years when I have tasted, and seen that all is vanity, and the stains and spots of iniquity are becoming troublesome, I may seek the ghostly assistance of my quondam friend, Charles Baderly; begging of his reverence to absolve me from my manyfold sins and transgressions; invoking heaven, in return, to shower down gifts and benefices on the head of my right rev. father in God. But till that time I will dispense with both sermons and lectures, most noble bishop in embryo.'

He made a grotesque bow, and darted off, crying, 'Hey for Lester, Brighton, and happiness!'

'And who shall speak peace to your lady?' said I mentally, casting a pensive look after him.

He was soon out of sight, and I returned slowly and dejected to the house.

I think this letter is sufficiently long; I will write you again to-morrow, till when I remain

Yours,

CHARLES BADERLY.

LONDON FASHIONABLE FULL DRESSES.

1. A DRESS of white sarcenet or cambric, with an antique border in colours round the bottom; over which is a tunic of coloured net or leno, richly worked and bordered, terminating in a corner on the right side, to which is affixed a silver tassel or ornament. A silk scarf shawl is thrown carelessly over the shoulders; the hair confined behind with a silver net, and ornamented in front with a wreath of yellow roses.

2. This dress nearly resembles that of the former; only that the tunic is of white net, and the robe of coloured silk: the head-dress is ornamented with a small ostrich feather crossing the head; a tiara in front, and a gold net behind.—We cannot here help remarking that we have of late seen some few attempts to introduce the long waist: we can only say we sincerely hope the good sense and taste of our fair country-women will prevent so Gothic and barbarous a fashion from becoming general, being persuaded that the dress which is most easy and natural will always be the most elegant and graceful: the costume of queen Elizabeth will but ill accord with those antique ornaments and borders now so much in use, and which will always stand unrivalled in the circles of taste.

MAXIM.

Do not complain of another for not keeping your secret, but first complain of yourself. How can you imagine a stranger will be more faithful to you than you are to yourself? We have no reason to hope that others will keep what we ourselves have abandoned.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Fashionable Full Dresses.

ON PRIDE.

(From Dr. Cartwright's Letters and Sonnets, addressed to Lord John Russel.)

My dear Lord,

IT would be no difficult undertaking to prove that there is scarcely any passion which, when suffered to operate within certain limits, is not justifiable, and even necessary; and which might not be virtuously gratified, or usefully indulged in. This observation will apply to none with greater propriety than to that which I have chosen for the subject of the following sonnet.

Pride, when carried to excess, is universally admitted to be one of the most odious and despicable passions by which the human mind can be actuated and degraded. And yet, without some portion of this stimulating ingredient in his composition, man would be but an insipid character. For without this powerful motive to virtue and virtuous ambition, he would be too often inattentive to the claims which he had upon society, or to those which society had upon him. Having few other guides of his conduct than abstract principles of right and wrong, the energies of his mind would be but imperfectly awakened; or if by any unusual exertion or excitement they were momentarily called into action, they would soon subside and relapse into torpid inactivity, or, at the best, fall short of the objects which they were directed to.

By duly appreciating his situation and connexions in society, and by properly estimating their value, he learns to set a proper value upon himself; and this self-estimation, which is but another word for pride, tells him in language which could not, it might be supposed, be misunderstood, that its gratification is legitimately to be obtained in no other way than by first obtaining the esteem of others.

So far, then, pride is an useful, not to say virtuous passion. But it unfortunately happens that we seldom wait till our characters have acquired their due value from the sterling approbation of the world. Estimating our title to the respect and homage of mankind by the imaginary standard of our own importance, we are perpetually endeavouring to enforce our claims, sometimes by artifice, and at others by insolence; by insolence, which makes us shunned and detested, or by artifice, which makes us laughed at and despised. And hence, in support of our fanciful pretensions, we have recourse to every expedient which our inflated imaginations can suggest. Forming the most chimerical calculations on the distinctions of birth, fortune, rank, station, or personal accomplishments, we draw upon one or other of these alternately or collectively, as may best answer our purpose, for the tax which we have the impertinent presumption to fancy that we are entitled to exact. And yet, as it is not altogether unreasonable to value ourselves, to a certain extent, on these distinctions, pride, on any of these grounds, may be forgiven, provided it shows itself in such a way as to prove that we are not unworthy of them.—'The fame of an applauded ancestor,' as an ingenious historian very justly ob-

serves,* 'has stimulated many to perform noble actions, or to preserve an honourable character, and will continue so to operate while human nature exists. It creates a sentiment of honour, a dread of disgrace, an useful pride of name, which, though not universally efficient, will frequently check the vicious propensities of passion or selfishness; when reason or religion has exhorted in vain.'—The same observation will hold good with respect to those other grounds on which may be founded admissible claims.

But the most striking singularity in the history of this universal passion is, that it generally prevails most where is the least foundation for it to build upon. There is no man so obscure and insignificant as not to be proud, if he be so disposed. Such is the insatiable appetite of some men for distinction, that no means are thought too improbable or absurd to obtain it. Hence a man who has neither family, fortune, rank, station, nor personal endowments, on which to value himself, will frequently exhibit as much pride in his conversation and deportment as a German prince, or a grandee of Spain. Scarcely any man, however, is so circumstanced as not to have the means of gratifying a laudable pride, if with such limited gratification he will be modestly contented. Every one, how humble soever may be his station, has some pursuit, profession, or occupation, in which it ought to be his pride and his ambition to endeavour, at least, to excel. Besides these there is another field of exertion which is open to every one; in which indeed, the palm of glory may be contested for even by the lowest with the highest, by the peasant with the prince. The contest which I allude to is the race of virtue, in which it should be our highest ambition, as our greatest pride, to be crowned with victory.

'Ye sons of Pride, with supercilious glance,
Why turn from modest diffidence away,
On Nature's equal children look askance,
And eye with cold regard your kindred clay?
If thus your fancied claims ye would advance,
How widely distant from your aim you stray!
Would you your real consequence enhance,
Let pride a different character display.
Do virtuous ancestors of noble birth
Your pride inflame? Go, emulate their worth.
Is wealth your boast? Then yours the power to bless:
How proud the feeling to relieve distress!
Are yours the untold treasures of the mind?
What pride with these to benefit mankind!'

* Turner's History of the Manners, &c. of the Anglo Saxons.

The Sharper—An Anecdote.

A well-dressed sharper observing a servant maid conversing with a young man two doors from her mistress's house, and that she had left the street door open, took the opportunity of slipping in, and stepped into a parlour, where an elderly lady was sitting by the fire, with two candles on the table in silver candlesticks. Without the least ceremony he

takes a chair, and seating himself opposite to her, began with saying —'Madam, if you please, I will tell you an odd story which happened a few nights ago to a very worthy woman in our neighbourhood. Her servant maid was talking at a little distance to a silly fellow, as your own servant now is, and had left her own door open: in the interim in slips a sharper, as I may do, and walks into a room, where her mistress, good-woman, was sitting before the fire with two candles, as you may do —Well—he had not sat much longer than I have done with you, before he takes one of the candles out of the candlestick, snuffs it out, and puts the candlestick into his pocket, as I may do now. The good woman was planet-struck, as you may be; upon which he takes out the other candle, as I may do, puts the candlestick into his pocket, as I shall do, and then wished her a good night, which I do most sincerely wish you. He was going out of the door, when the maid, having finished her conversation, was coming up the steps. He accosted her with saying, 'My dear, your mistress has rung twice for you;' and, wishing her a good night, went clear off with the candlesticks.

MONUMENT TO LOCKE.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

WITH what grateful emotions does the enlightened mind contemplate its vast obligations to the benefactors of mankind! to those philosophers, scholars, and moralists, whose deep and laborious researches have so largely contributed to our mental culture! What secret stores of knowledge have they not unfolded! How many facilities of acquiring wisdom and science have they not furnished! How have they enlarged the faculties of the human mind! Grateful for the labours of such exalted characters, nations have vied with each other in doing them honour. What, then, is our surprise and regret that the immortal John Locke, one of the greatest philosophers, and best of men, that this or any other age or country ever produced, is, in the land of his fathers, neglected, unhonoured, and undistinguished by any monumental pile. But can his name or his worth be forgotten? Or shall we be satisfied that the name of a Locke should only be embalmed in our grateful recollections? That he should have been neglected for more than a century is at once matter of regret and astonishment. To do justice to his exalted memory, and as a stimulus to others who labour in the mines of knowledge, and who are anxious for human improvement, to redeem the honour of our country, and prove to the enlightened world our love of virtue, and sense of national obligation, at length we resolve to raise a monument to his fame. The committee for carrying into effect the above dignified object, have, through the channel of the newspapers, published their intentions. Subscriptions of two guineas, and upward, we understand, will be received at the Literary-Fund Office, the use of which has been generously offered to the committee for the

purpose, and where the model of the intended monument may be viewed by the Public.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.
AN ADMIRER OF LOCKE.
London, June 10, 1808.

P. S. The committee have also signified that each subscriber is to have an elegant engraving of the monument, and that subscribers of five guineas shall be presented with a medal executed by the celebrated Mr. Bolton, of Soho, with the head of Locke, and on the reverse a representation of the monument; and those of ten guineas the same in silver.

SHORT RULES for CONVERSATION.

By Lord Bacon.

TO deceive men's expectations generally argues a settled mind and unexpected constancy; as in matter of fear, anger, sudden joy, grief, and all things that may affect or alter the mind on public or sudden accidents.

It is necessary to use a steadfast countenance, not wavering with action, as in moving the head or hand too much; which shows a fantastical, light, and fickle operation of the mind; it is sufficient, with leisure, to use a modest action of either.

In all kinds of speech it is proper to speak leisurely, and rather drawlingly than hastily; because hasty speech confounds the memory, and often drives a man to a nonplus, or an unseemly stammering; whereas slow speech confirms the memory, and begets an opinion of wisdom in the hearers.

To desire in discourse to hold all arguments is ridiculous, and a want of true judgment, for no man can be exquisite in all things.

To have common-places of discourse, and to want variety, is odious to the hearers, and shows a shallowness of thought: it is therefore good to vary and suit speeches to the present occasion: as also to hold a moderation in all discourse, especially of religion, the state, great persons, important business, poverty, or any thing deserving pity.

A long-continued discourse, without a good speech of interlocution, shows slowness; and a long reply, without a good set off speech, shows shallowness and weakness.

To use many circumstances before you come to the matter is wearisome; and to use none at all is blunt.

Bashfulness is a great hindrance to a man, both in uttering his sentiments, and understanding what is proposed to him; it is therefore good to press forward with discretion, both in discourse and company of the better sort.

ANECDOTE of DR. BUTLER, late BISHOP of CLOYNE.

THIS worthy prelate being on a visit to an old college-friend, who had fitted up his parsonage with great neatness, was complimenting him upon his improvements.—'Why aye, my lord,' said the doctor, 'you have been plaguing me about marriage for some years back, and now you see I have got a *trap* at last.'—'Why yes, doctor,' replied the bishop, 'the *trap* is very well; but I'm afraid,' (looking him full in the face which was none of the handsomest) 'I'm afraid the woman won't like the bait.'

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ON THE DEATH OF A LOVELY BOY.

HOW short the joys that happiest mortals find,
Whose boundless wishes amply are supply'd!
But, ah! how long the sorrows of the mind
Which oft the balm of comfort is deny'd!

In that blest sunshine when we thoughtless say,
No troubles e'er shall cloud the peaceful breast,
Then stern misfortune comes with deathful sway,
Despoils our bliss, and robs us of our rest.

Scarce had four summers blest the nuptial bed,
And the sweet infant flow'r began to bloom,
His lovely cheeks the blushing roses shed,
Insatiate Death points out the dreary tomb.

See where the smiling babe doth quiet rest!
See white-rob'd Innocence attend his bier*;
See sorrow heaving at the troubled breast,
And Pity drops the sympathetic tear.

But why this sorrow, why should ye repine?
Is heaven severe to take his soul to rest?
Let resignation own the stroke divine,
Nor murmur since he lives among the blest.

I. L. H.

July 5, 1808.

* Six virgins carried him to the grave.

HOW-D'Y'-DO AND GOOD-BYE.

ONE day Good-bye met How-d'y'-do,
Too close to shun saluting,
But soon the rival sisters flew,
From kissing, to disputing.

Away! says How-d'y'-do, your mien
Appals my cheerful nature;
No name so sad as yours is seen
In Sorrow's nomenclature.

Whene'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it:
Where'er I plant one bosom flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

Ere How-d'y'-do has tuned each tongue
To 'Hope's delightful measure,'
Good-bye in friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure.

From sorrows past my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation,
While you from present joys distil
The tears of separation.

Good-bye replied, Your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded;
But pray who'd think of How-d'y'-do,
Unless Good-bye preceded?

Without my prior influence
Could your's have ever flourish'd?
And can your hand one hour dispense
But those my tears have nourish'd?

How oft, if at the court of Love
Concealment be the fashion,
When How-d'y'-do has failed to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion!

How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers!

Go bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind How-d'y'-do's
One kind Good-bye would barter.

From Love and Friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence,
And they would both lose half their force
Without our joint assistance.

'Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time, there's no denying,
One half in How-d'y'-doing goes,
And t'other in Good-byeing.

LINES

(TO HER TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED).

Written after a Walk on the Side of the River Ouse.

I HAVE trod the green verge at declining of day,
In a walk such as fancy might choose,
With a dear little maiden more lovely than May,
'Twas the sweet *Mary Ann* of the *Ouse*.

Oh! could I her beauties in numbers rehearse,
Such a task I could never refuse,
But, alas! my poor, humble, indigent verse,
Can't pourtray *Mary Ann* of the *Ouse*.

Little Cupids most surely reside in her eyes,
On her cheeks bloom the lily and rose,
She looks like a Venus just come from the skies,—
Does the dear *Mary Ann* of the *Ouse*.

When we trod the green verge by yon flowery rill,
Where willows and wild thyme sweet grows,
When the noise of the neighbouring hamlet was still,
I kiss'd *Mary Ann* of the *Ouse*.

To the youth who the smiles of the maid doth possess,
This thrift now I freely disclose,
For him I'd not willingly strive to distress,
Or the sweet *Mary Ann* of the *Ouse*.

Pyramus for her would his *Thisbe* forsake,
Had he seen her he could not refuse;
How then could a mortal view her and not take
One kiss of this *Maid* of the *Ouse*?

Forgive me, I stole from her finger a ring,
On the spoil I in rapture oft muse,
'Tis as precious to me as the gift of A KING,
'Tis the dear *Mary Ann* of the *Ouse*.

With a ring, ah! might I this maiden repay,
I'd entwine it in Hymen's gay noose,
And soon hie to church, and make happy the day,
With the sweet *Mary Ann* of the *Ouse*.

Ah! were I permitted, I'd soon fix the day,
For fear the dear girl I might lose,
I'd soon give my plight 'to love and obey'—
For ever *Mary Ann* of the *Ouse*.

S. Y.

Jessamine Place,
July 19, 1808.

EXTEMPORE LINES,

Occasioned by a Lady desiring the Author to employ his Muse in writing some Stanzas on a young Lady who was accidentally scalded on the Arm.

WHAT can I bring to grace a theme
So scalding to poor rhyme?
Sooner could I invent a dream,
Or sing of Beauty's prime.

Though, if it would at all avail,
I'd curse the burning drop,
That dar'd on her its heat exhale,
Which Friendship could not stop.

But, as a chip in porridge thrown
Does neither good nor harm;
So oaths had best be let alone
To cure a scalded arm.

Much cooler things than oaths, I ween,
Had better be applied;
Hibernia's root, well scrap'd, and clean,
With lenient oils beside.

Still shall a humble poet's lay
A friendly wish express;
A wish as pure as infant day,
Not cloth'd in Flatt'ry's dress.

Soon may Hygeia's healing pow'r
Restore thy form to ease,
Again to share the happy hour
With friends whom most you please.

J. M. L.

April 4, 1808.

SONG.

BY DR. WALCOT.

FROM her, whose ev'ry smile is love,
I haste to some far distant cell:
My sighs too weak the maid to move,
I bid the flatterer *Hope* farewell.

Yet, as I quit her vale, my sighs
At ev'ry step for JULIA mourn;
My anxious heart within me dies,
And, panting, whispers, '*O return*'.

Deluded heart! thy folly know,
Nor fondly nurse a fatal flame:
By absence thou wilt lose thy woe,
And only flutter at her name.

ON JULIA.

BY THE SAME.

ERE 'witching love my heart possess'd,
And bade my sighs the nymph pursue;
Calm as the infant's smiling rest,
Nor anxious hope nor fear it knew.

But doom'd, ah! doom'd at last to mourn,
What tumults in that heart arose!
An ocean tumbling wild, and torn
By tempests from its deep repose.

Yet let me not the virgin blame,
As though she wish'd my heart despair:
How could the maid suspect a flame,
Who never knew that she was fair?

REBUS.

A BIRD that only flies by night,
One erst restor'd to speech by fright,
A liquor feign'd t' immortalize,
A giant who warred against the skies,
An author of an ancient race,
What always wears a pleasing face;
Join the initials, and you' ll find
A youth who is much to my mind.

LOUISA.

SONG.

HOW dreary, love, will seem the cot
When thou art far away;
To mourn and weep alone the lot
Of Emma, once so gay!

But how be deaf to Honour's call
Which warns thee to the field;
Since, to prevent thy country's fall,
Thou bear'st the spear and shield?

Tho' keenly Emma feels the blow
Which tears thee from her arms;
If thou return—then hush'd is woe,
To transport chang'd alarms!

F. T.

Pinner.

SONG

IN THE NEW COMIC OPERA OF

'TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD.'

AID me, Venus, loves, and graces,
How to wear two different faces.
Let me borrow, for a while,
Gaiety's triumphant smile;
Let me, next, with timid sigh,
Scarcely raise my downcast eye,
While my lover, caught by turns,
This way wishes, that way burns,
Thus I'll prove
The rover's love;
Nor be without some caution won;
To pity's side
Then should he yield,
Thus fairly try'd,
He wins the field,
And possesses two in one.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

A COMPARISON.

WHEN around loud tempests roar,
Terror spreads along the shore;
When the lurid light'nings fly,
Fill'd with fear is ev'ry eye;
When the whirlwind's angry breath
Seems the harbinger of death;
Ev'ry heart, in anguish'd throes,
Owns the pow'r of Nature's woes.
But when through the clearing sky
Sol's soft beams are seen to fly,
Whilst the storm's tremendous roar
Gently dies along the shore;
Calm succeeds in ev'ry breast,
Now with dread no more distrest.
So, when sorrow o'er the soul
Spreads her storm-like sad control,
Bidding ev'ry pleasure cease,
In the breast so late at peace,
E'en when anguish bids despair
With its pang the bosom tear;
Let but Beauty's smile appear,
And 't will check the suff'rer's tear;
One soft word from her we love,
Will the sweetest solace prove;
More relief it will impart
To the sorrow-breathing heart,
Than could all the gems that shine
Deep within the glowing mine.

J. M. L.

July 1, 1808.

IMPROMPTU.

ELIZA frown'd when late I kiss'd her,
Along with *Sarah* on the hay;
What had she done if I had miss'd her?
Why—wish'd, perhaps, she'd been away.

S. Y.

B——, June 1808.

LINES

TO MISS E. D. U.

[*With a beautiful Edition of the Sorrows of Werter.*]

ELIZA will this hapless tale receive,
And while she reads, her pity will attend;
For sympathy will cause her breast to heave,
As it pourtrays the *lover* and the *friend*.

Then, dearest maid, in pity think on me,
And let my fate thy dear compassion move;
Oh! then for ever would I prove to thee
A second *Albert*, with a *Werter's*—love.

S. Y.

B——, July 1, 1808.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Belgrade, May 17.

Letters from Constantinople, of the 27th ult., announce that in that place negotiations are carrying on with great activity, for the conclusion of peace between Russia and the Porte, and that it is very probable that the last power will, by this peace, cede Moldavia, Wallachia, and Bessarabia.

Paris, June 7. From Naples we hear, under the date of the 7th of May —' Yesterday morning at six o'clock, his majesty the king repaired to Milan, whence his majesty will proceed to Bayonne, to his serene brother the emperor of the French. According to report, the absence of his majesty will be of no long duration.'

We are informed, by intelligence from Toulouse, dated the 2d instant, that his majesty the king of Naples has already passed through that city, and was hastening to Bayonne with great speed.

General Menou, appointed by his majesty the emperor governor-general of the three departments of Tuscany, has received the grand cross of the legion of honour.

On the night of the day before yesterday, arrived here, general Sebastiani, ambassador of his French imperial majesty at the Sublime Porte, who lately left Constantinople.

June 10. In the Moniteur is contained the following from Bayonne, dated the 4th instant; — ' The day before yesterday his majesty received at his levee the deputation of the grandees of Spain, and had a very long conference with them. Among the members who constitute this deputation are mentioned prince Castel Franco, the duke del Parque, the duke of Osuna, the marquis of Santa Croix, and the count of Santa Colonna. Yesterday his excellency M. d'Auzanza, minister of finance, presented to his majesty the deputation of the council of the Indies and of the council of finance. His majesty conversed two hours with the members of this deputation, concerning the changes and improvements which the welfare of Spain requires, in the opinion of all intelligent persons. The deputies of the extraordinary junta are daily arriving.

Rome, May 21. In the Courant of this city, there is the following important decree.—

' Napoleon, by the grace of God, and by the constitution, emperor of the French, king of Italy, protector of the Rhenish confederacy, considering that the present sovereign of Rome has constantly refused to declare war against the English, and to co-operate with the kingdoms of Italy and Naples for the protection of the Italian peninsula; that the interest of the two kingdoms, and the relative situation of Italy and Naples, require that their communication should be interrupted by no hostile power; that the gift of the lands which compose the ecclesiastical states was made by our illustrious predecessor Charlemagne, for the benefit of Christendom, but not for the succour of the enemies of our holy religion; therefore have we, upon consideration of the demand for passports, made by the Romish ambassador at our court, on the 8th of March, decreed, and do decree, as follow: — [Here follow the different articles of the decree, uniting the provinces of the papal territory to the king

dom of Italy, and presenting various local regulations as to their government.]—In pursuance of a second decree, all cardinals, prelates, and other officers of the Romish court, born in the kingdom of Italy, must retire to the place of their birth before the 5th of June, on pain of forfeiting their goods. At Ancona, the 11th of May, the papal officers were already dismissed.

Madrid, May 24. His imperial highness the grand duke of Berg, as well as the junta of the government, having been informed respecting the desire of the emperor of the French to see assembled at Bayonne, on the 15th of June next, a deputation of 150 persons, from the clergy, nobility, and states-general, for the purpose of deliberating upon the interesting situation of that kingdom, the junta is charged to take measures for expediting the execution of his majesty's pleasure, and to give to the cities and corporations the necessary directions in these respects. The clergy shall be represented by two archbishops, six bishops, named by the junta, sixteen canons or dignitaries named by their chapters, twenty priests named by their bishops, and six generals of orders. There shall be ten grandees of Spain, namely, the duke de Frias, the duke de Medina Celi, the duke de Hyen, the count de Orgaz, the count de Fuentess, the marquis de Santa Cruz, the count de Fernan Naunez, the duke d'Ossuna, the duke del Parque, the count de Santa Colonna, ten titulars, and ten knights of Castille, two deputies from Navarre, &c.

It is said, that the dukes de Infantado and de Hyen, will take a journey to Holland, and that the duke de St. Charles will very speedily return to Spain. All the accounts received from the different provinces say, that the greatest tranquillity reigns in Spain.

Frontiers of Russia, May 18. The execution of the long-projected expedition to India is now spoken of with the greatest confidence. The corps of Davoust, it is said, will immediately be assembled at Astracan, where a Russian army is to join it.—An army is prepared to co-operate with these in Persia, and to advance with them against the British settlements in India.

Seville, June 10. The following spirited declaration of war against France by the junta at Seville, has been published:—

'Declaration of War against the Emperor of France, Napoleon the First.

'Ferdinand the Seventh, king of Spain and the Indies, and in his name the supreme junta of both.

'France, under the government of the emperor Napoleon the First, has violated towards Spain the most sacred compacts—has arrested her monarchs—obliged them to a forced and manifestly void abdication and renunciation; has behaved with the same violence towards the Spanish nobles whom he keeps in his power—has declared that he will elect a king of Spain, the most horrible attempt that is recorded in history—has sent his troops into Spain, seized her fortresses and her capital, and scattered his troops throughout the country—has committed against Spain all sorts of assassinations, robberies, and unheard of cruelties; and this he has done with the most enormous ingratitude to the services which the Spanish nation has rendered France, to the friendship it has shown her, thus treating it with the most dreadful perfidy, fraud, and treachery, such as was never committed against any nation, or monarch, by the most barbarous or ambitious king or people. He has in fine declared, that he will trample down our monarchy, our fundamental laws, and bring about the ruin of our holy catholic religion.—The only remedy therefore for such grievous ills, which are so manifest to all Europe, is in war, which we declare against him.

'In the name therefore of our king Ferdinand the Seventh, and of all the Spanish nation, we declare war by land and sea against the emperor Napoleon the First, and against France; we are determined to throw off her domination and tyranny, and command all Spaniards to act hostilely against her, to do her all possible damage according to the laws

of war, to place an embargo upon all French ships in our ports, and all property, and effects, in whatever part of Spain they may be, whether belonging to the government or to the individuals of that nation. In the same manner we command, that no embarrassment, nor molestation be done to the English nation, nor its government, nor its ships, property, or effects, nor any individual of that nation — We declare that there shall be open and free communication with England, that we have contracted, and will keep an armistice with her, and that we hope to conclude a durable and lasting peace.

'Moreover we protest, we will not lay down our arms till the emperor Napoleon the First has restored to Spain our king Ferdinand the Seventh, and the rest of the royal family; has respected the sacred rights of the nation, which he has violated, and her liberty, integrity, and independence. — With the same understanding and accordance with the Spanish nation, we command that the present solemn declaration be printed, posted, and circulated among all the people and provinces of Spain and America, that it may be known in Europe, Africa, and Asia.

'Given in the royal palace of Alcazar at Seville, this 6th of June, 1808.

By order of the supreme junta of government,

MANUEL MARIA AGUILAR, Sec.
JUAN BAUTISTA PARDO, Sec.'

The following are two more translations from the Spanish gazettes:

BANDO.

'The supreme junta of government, desirous beyond measure that the public should partake of the joy which they feel, informs it.

'1. That the city of Valencia, and the kingdom, fired with the generous impulse of their loyalty, have proclaimed and sworn allegiance to their king, don Ferdinand VII., without any trouble or disorder whatever ensuing.

'2. That in consequence thereof, they named a government, to superintend the kingdom as long as the urgency of their circumstances should continue.

'3. That they published a declaration to that purpose, including other matters, which shall be communicated in due time.

'4. That they recognize a sovereignty, and will neither receive nor obey any orders but those of Ferdinand VII., and in the interim the government he names, or that which represents him.

'5. That the paper stamped in the name of the lieutenant-general of the kingdom shall not be used.

'6. That his excellency the count de Cervillon is named general of the troops.

'7. That the aforesaid government should enforce a general enlistment of inhabitants, from the age of 16 to 40.

'8. That they have stopped a number of chests of money, which were destined for Madrid.

'And for the information, and for an example which we hope will be followed by all Spain, the present paper is ordered to be published.

'Royal palace of the Alcazar, May 31, 1808.

'DON JUAN BAUTISTE PARDO, Sec. 2.
'DON MANUEL DE AGUILAR, Sec. 3.'

Gottenburgh, July 4. The whole of the English expedition sailed yesterday morning for England. The Victory, sir J. Saumerez, and two or three other ships, remain here; the former will sail in a few days for the Baltic. Various letters received by to-day's post from Stockholm state, that since the last interview the king had with general sir John Moore, his majesty is gone to Finland. — Letters received from Pillau to-day mention that seven more English vessels have been taken by a French privateer in that neighbourhood. Numberless are the conjectures respecting the king of Sweden's journey to Finland: many think that in consequence of his disagreement with the English general, sir John Moore, his object may be to seek a reconciliation with Russia.

HOME NEWS.

Manchester, June 22.

I am extremely sorry to say, that the refractory weavers have met again this day, and evinced a more turbulent disposition than at any period of the dispute. They have burnt in effigy several respectable manufacturers, whom they deem the most hostile to their claims, and stopped every loom in that part of the town, which is unfortunately the scene of their unlawful meetings. Many pieces of different goods have been maliciously destroyed by means of spirit of vitriol or aquafortis, which they artfully convey to the looms through the medium of a syringe, from which the destructive ingredient is squirted through the broken panes in the windows; and sometimes it is dropped upon the bags hung over workmen's shoulders, containing pieces.

The women are, if possible, more turbulent than the men. Their insolence to the soldiers and special constables is intolerable; and they seem to be confident of deriving impunity from their sex. Two men were apprehended yesterday, and three this day, and lodged in the New Bayley prison. One of the persons concerned in burning the prison at Rochdale has likewise been taken into custody, and committed for trial to Lancaster castle.

London, July 1. The following note was this day transmitted by Lord Castlereagh to the Lord Mayor :—

'Downing-street, July 1.

'My Lord,

'I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship, that dispatches have been received from major-general Spencer, dated off Cadiz the 6th ult., by which it appears that a negotiation had been entered into between his majesty's naval and military commanders off that port, with deputies appointed on the part of the provisional government of the province of Andalusia, assembled at Seville, the result of which had been forwarded for the approbation of the said government.

'Every arrangement had been taken for the reduction of the French ships, and admiral Purvis had been invited by the Spanish commanders to anchor his fleet at the mouth of the harbour, with a view to co-operate in compelling the common enemy to surrender.

'It appears that the southern provinces of Spain had declared against France, and dispatches of the 4th ultimo, received from lieut.-general sir H. Dalrymple, at Gibraltar, mention that the Spanish army before that fortress, reinforced by the greater part of the garrison of Ceuta, had marched against the French.

'I am, &c. &c.

'CASTLEREAGH.'

Right Hon. Lord Mayor.

Dispatches have been received from sir Charles Cotton from off the Tagus, dated the 16th ult. They confirm the accounts previously received, of Oporto having been rescued from the hands of the French. The old government has been restored, and the port opened to all ships except those of France.—At Lisbon Junot finds himself in a most perilous situation, and in spite of his vigilance and severity, communications have been held with the commander of our fleet, to whom a proposal is said to have been made to enter the Tagus and

take possession of the Russian fleet. The whole force of Junot does not exceed eight or ten thousand men, and it was generally believed that he would soon be compelled to surrender.

Portsmouth, July 4. Last evening all the Spanish prisoners in Mill Prison were assembled in the prison-yard to hear a letter from the Board of Admiralty, when, on its being read, those that were friendly to the patriots were ordered to go to the right wall, on which the whole, to the number of 1500, went to the right wall, exclaiming with three huzzas, '*Viva el Re Angleterra, et les Patriots d'Espagna!*' They are to be sent home as soon as cartels can be got ready for that purpose.—Came in the Hindostan, 54, from off Lisbon, but as she left it twenty-eight days since, she has brought nothing new.

London, July 6. Lady Campbell gave an elegant ball on Monday night, at her house in Wimpole-street. No pains or expense were spared to render the entertainment worthy of the numerous and distinguished persons who were invited and attended. The dancing commenced at an early hour. An elegant supper followed. Harmony and pleasure prevailed, until an event happened in the ball-room which banished all the happiness and comfort from the scene in a moment; it was no less than the sudden death of one of the dancers, (Mr. Calvert) who actually dropped down dead from the excessive exertion he used on the occasion.—Mr. Calvert burst a blood-vessel in going down a reel. The utmost terror and distress was depicted in the countenance of every one of the guests; as for lady Campbell herself, she fainted from the fright. This melancholy event broke up the assembly. Most of the company departed in tears. Mr. Calvert was a young man, only 23 years of age; he was much respected in a very extensive circle of friends.

An alarming fire broke out at the house of Mr. H. Hasket, Lower Lodge Farm, Wilts, on Monday night, which entirely consumed the same; and a little boy, five years old, was lost in the conflagration. It was first discovered by a stage coachman in a pigeon-loft contiguous to the dwelling, and such was the rapidity of the flames that the house was destroyed in half an hour. It was occasioned by some dry wood taking fire over an oven, and it was with difficulty that any of the family, five in number, escaped.

July 7. Yesterday a man was brought before Mr. Graham, charged on suspicion of having cut a young woman's throat in the neighbourhood of Hampstead, on Tuesday evening. The ground of suspicion is extremely slight; it is as follows:—The man had been at work on Tuesday as a haymaker for the earl of Mansfield; between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, he was observed by three men sitting on a bank in a lane by the side of a young woman; on their approach, he called to them for assistance; when they came up, they found the young woman's throat was cut, and blood was flowing very fresh from the wound; they went in search of a surgeon; while they were gone, two men, who had been at work with the prisoner in the course of the day for the earl of Mansfield, passed by, and they assisted the prisoner in conveying the young woman to the nearest public-house, where Mr. Snow, a surgeon, soon arrived, who examined the wound, dressed it, and pronounced it not dangerous, the windpipe not being cut through, and but little doubt of her surviving. The young woman remained insensible, and not able to tell how she came by the wound; and the prisoner having been seen with her under suspicious circumstances, he was taken into custody. She is a servant in a family at Hampstead.

July 9. A young gentleman, of the name of Henry Frederick Allingston, met his death on his way home to Bedfont, from a friend's house in the Newington road, on Thursday morning, after having spent a convivial evening with a party of friends. The young gentleman had accompanied his aunt on the visit, and after the supper-cloth had been removed, dancing was introduced, in which Mr. A. exerted himself for upwards of two hours, in apparent good health and spirits. He, however,

had not got a quarter of a mile from the house, when, in the act of sporting about, and jumping over some railing, he dropped down and expired in a short time, from the rupture of a blood-vessel. The deceased was eighteen years of age, and the son of an eminent factor, at Harcland, Essex.

Plymouth, July 10. Letters from our fleet off Lisbon state, that Junot had entrapped 4000 Spanish troops in a large square in Lisbon, surrounded them with artillery, disarmed them, and sent them on board some prison-hulks in the Tagus, where they were crammed so close that 20 to 30 died almost from suffocation per day. He had also disarmed a battalion of Hanoverians, and had shut them up in a convent prison. A Spanish colonel and two Hanoverians had made their escape on board our ships, from whom this account was learnt. General Spencer had been off Lisbon with his troops, but finding General Junot so strong, went back to Cadiz again. Sir A. Wellesley was anxiously looked for from Cork with his army. The above Spanish colonel reported that 30,000 Spanish troops, above one third of the line and regular troops, were assembled in great force at Badajos, on the confines of Portugal, and were preparing to act on the offensive.

July 11. The following letter was this day sent to the Lord Mayor:—

Admiralty-Office, July 11.

'My Lord,—I have great pleasure in acquainting your Lordship, that by dispatches received at the Admiralty this morning, from Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood, dated off Cadiz the 14th of June, it appears that the French squadron in Cadiz struck their colours to the Spaniards at seven o'clock on the morning of that day, when the Spanish colours were immediately hoisted on board them.—The Spanish admiral is about to embark for England on board the Revenge, commanded by sir John Gore, as one of the commissioners from the council of Seville to his majesty's government.

'I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

'MULGRAVE.'

To the Lord Mayor.

July 16. There was a tornado, at an early hour on Thursday morning, at Enfield, which did considerable damage in the neighbourhood.—About three o'clock, a whirlwind took two trees in St. James'-park, nearly opposite the Palace, stripped them completely of their branches, and left them like flag-staves. It was singular that, at the same moment, there was hardly a breath of air to be felt out of its range. A person who was on the spot compared it, as to size and velocity, to that of a water-spout. It made a noise like the crash of a falling house, and raised a cloud of dust so dense, as to obstruct all vision.—Its influence was also felt in the Strand near Temple-bar. Whirlwinds, though of less force, took place, in the course of the day, in various parts of the town; and again, about six o'clock yesterday morning, which subsided in a refreshing breeze of several hours continuance.

The heat of the weather has been found so oppressive for the last five days, that not less than fifty mail-coach and post-horses have been killed by it in their work upon the great North road.

July 19. Dr. Pole, of Bath, has given the following account of the state of the thermometer, during three of the extremest hot days in the last week:—On the 12th inst. the temperature of the atmosphere rose to an height almost incredible. At eight in the morning the mercury was at 75 deg.; and about the middle of the day it stood at the extraordinary height of 91 deg.; at nine in the evening it was at 77 deg. In this country we rarely have seen the mercury above the 80th degree; it as several times been at 86 deg. in the course of the last six years, but never exceeded that height till the present period. On the 13th inst. the thermometer, at eight o'clock in the morning, was not higher than 71 deg.; at mid-day not above 83 deg.; and about ten in the evening fell to 70 deg.; which, though unusually high, was considerably lower than the preceding day. On the 14th the thermometer, at eight o'clock in the morning, was at 72 deg.; at mid-day 83 deg.;

and at nine in the evening, 69 deg. The 15th inst. the thermometer at eight o'clock was up to 76 deg. : the greatest height it has yet been. The barometer has for the last nine days stood at 30 inches and 3-20ths, without any variation worth notice.

So intense was the heat on Wednesday that a married woman, an inhabitant of Hull, of the name of Watson, having gone to work in the hay-field for a few hours, was taken ill, and compelled to lay down in the field, hoping to obtain a little refreshment by so doing: her companions, after leaving her a short time in that situation, on their return found her quite lifeless. A man working near the Holdernessroad, was so much disordered by the heat, that he became quite insensible, and laid in that state in a neighbouring house, to which he was carried, for the space of five hours, before he recovered. Several other persons were obliged to be taken away out of the fields in carts to their respective homes. At Dunnington, a countryman, called Richard Taylor, employed in making hay, dropped down dead in consequence of the heat. At Sigglesthorne, the honey in several bee-hives was entirely melted, and ran out upon the ground, and most of the bees were drowned in it. At Rowley, a dog belonging to the rev. Mr. Croft, died from the great warmth; and some birds flying over Hull, dropped down dead into the streets. Another woman we understand also died in consequence of the heat, at Rigemont, in Holderness.

BIRTHS.

June 27. The lady of Henry Fry, esq. of a son, at his house, North-street, Bloomsbury-square.

29. At Redbourn, Lincolnshire, the lady of lord William Beauclerk, of a son.

July 4. The lady of the hon. general A. Hope, M. P. of a son.

12. In Hertford-street, May-fair, the countess of Clonmell of a daughter.

14. The lady of captain Bogue, of the royal horse artillery, of a son, at the house of her father, John Hanson, esq. in Russell-square.

18. At his house in Baker-street, Portman-square, the lady of the hon. W. H. Hare, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

June 22. At Ragby, Warwickshire, by the rev. R. Marriott, George Harris, esq. to Christabella, only daughter of rear-admiral Chambers.

23. At Inverary, Mr. James Pollock, merchant, of Glasgow, to miss Margaret Ewart, daughter of John Ewart, esq. of Greenock.

30. At Camberwell, Surrey, the rev. Frodsham Hodson, B. D. fellow of Brazen Nose, Oxford, to miss Dawson, eldest daughter of John Dawson, esq. of Mossly-hill, near Liverpool.

July 4. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, by the lord bishop of Salisbury, Charles Hulse, esq. eldest son of sir Edward Hulse, bart. of Breamore-house, in the county of Hants, to miss Maria Buller, second daughter of the late John Buller, of Morval, in the county of Cornwall.

5. Thomas Chittenden, esq. of New Millman-street, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the rev. Thomas Knapp, rector of Englefield, Berks.

6. The rev. Thomas Whalley Wickham, rector of Horsington, in the county of Somerset, to miss Bennett, daughter of James Bennett, esq. of Cadbury-house, in the same county.

9. At Mary-la-bonne church, George Sparkes, esq. of Baldwin's-park, Kent, to miss Wiple, late of Wilmington, in the same county.

12. At St. Pancras, William Richardson, esq. captain in his majesty's 6th garrison battalion, to miss Dent, niece of James Moore, esq. of Percy-street.

13. At St. James's church, T. Ambrose, esq. of the foreign post-office, to miss Susan Stewart, of Berwick-street.

At Barnard-castle, Timothy Holmes, esq. of Bury, Suffolk, to miss C. A.

Hanby, daughter of the late Joseph Hanby, esq. of Eastwood-hall, Yorkshire.

14. At Mary-la-bonne church, by the rev. John Harding, Thomas Hanmer, esq. eldest son of sir Thomas Harding, bart. Bettisfield-park, Flintshire, to miss Buchsale, eldest daughter of the late Dyot Buchsale, esq. Baker-street.

14. At St. Mary-la-bonne, by the rev. J. Harding, lieut.-col. Hanmer, eldest son of sir Thomas Hanmer, of Hanmer and Bettisfield, in the county of Flint, bart. to Arabella-Charlotte-Dyot Bucknall, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the late Thomas-Skipp-Dyott Bucknall, esq. M. P. of Baker-street, Portman-square, and Hampton-court, Middlesex.

18. At Hackney, Mr. J. Millard, of Cheapside, to miss E. Brightwell, daughter of the late captain Brightwell, of Woodbridge, Essex.

At Hurley, Berks, Henry Warren, esq. to Susanna, eldest daughter of the late Robert Mangles, esq.

DEATHS.

June 25. At his house in Percy-street, Rathbone-place, Francis Morland, esq. in the 71st year of his age.

At High Wycombe, Bucks, Mrs. Hannah Cartor, the wife of Mr. John Cartor, jun. of the same place, and daughter of Edward Payne, esq. of Lark Lake Thame, in the county of Oxford.

29. At his house, St. Mary Hill, R. Jones, esq. many years a brandy-merchant of great eminence.

July 1. At the vicarage-house, Chiswick, Middlesex, the rev. James Trebeck, aged 80.

2. In Percy-street, Mrs. Russel Gloster, relict of the late Archibald Gloster, esq. M. D. of Antigua.

3. At Southampton, between the age of four and five years, Eliza, youngest daughter of brigadier-general Browne. This most interesting, and beautiful little innocent was torn from her parents in the space of five days, by a malignant scarlet fever.

Eland Mossom, esq. for many years a representative in the Irish parliament for the city of Kilkenny, and the Borough of St. Canicer.

5. After a few days' illness, at his house on Kennington-common, John Owen, esq. of Upper Thames-street, hop-merchant, late of Thames Ditton, Surrey.

Mrs. Mills, wife of C. J. Mills, esq. at his house in Montague-street.

Suddenly, at his seat at Henbury, Dorsetshire, Wm. Churchill, esq.

At Ramsgate, Mrs. Taylor, widow of the late Wm. Taylor, esq. of Maize-hill, Greenwich.

Mrs. Swaine, wife of the late Spelman Swaine, esq.

At Highgate, David Duvelaz, esq. aged 84.

At Upton, near Windsor, rear-admiral Boston.

7. In Charlotte-street, Berkeley-square, the right hon. lady Anne Wombwell, wife of sir George Wombwell, and second daughter of the late earl of Fauconberg.

In the Isle of Man, in the 63d year of his age, vicar-general Christian, one of the ecclesiastical judges of that island and diocese.

Mrs. Dale, mother to Mr. Dale, No. 23, Holborn-hill, aged 73.

10. Mrs. S. Sotheby, wife of Mr. Samuel Sotheby, bookseller, in the Strand.

Aged 17, miss Emma Marsham, third daughter of the hon. and rev. Dr. Marsham.

At Kennington Common, John Owen, esq. of Upper Thames-street, hop-merchant.

14. The lady of sir Frederick Eden, bart. His son came home last week from boarding-school, ill with the scarlet fever, and through the maternal attention and anxiety of lady Eden, who had only lain in a week, she, sad to relate, caught the infection, and, to the inexpressible grief of all her acquaintance, died.

At her house, on Hampton-court-green, Mrs. Carr, aged 86.

17. At her house in Serjeant's-inn, Mrs. Pocklington, widow of Robert Pocklington, esq. of Chetsworth, in Suffolk.

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The Triumph of Innocence.